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....THE.... PURPLE AND WHITE

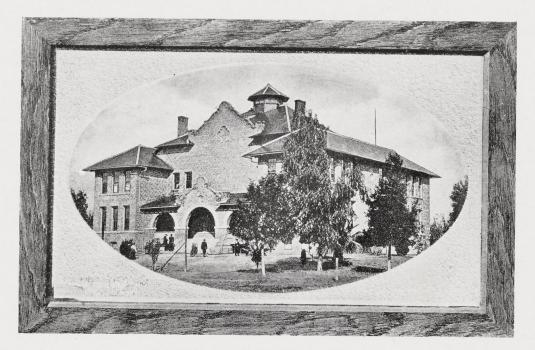
Published Annually by the Students of the Madera Union High School JUNE 1913

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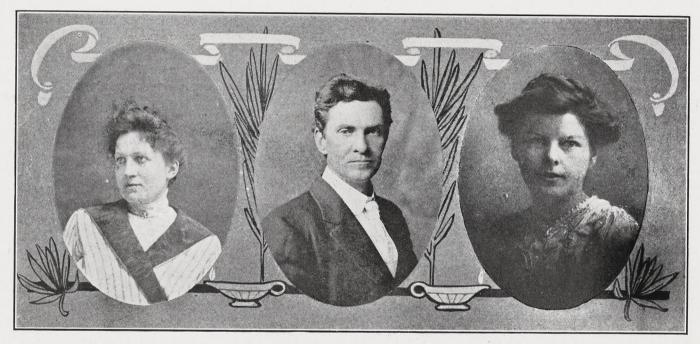
:-: The Dedication. -:-In their appreciation of her untiring Industry, her kindly patience and her enthusiastic interest in the progress of the school, having been a member the faculty for the past six years, the students of the Madera Union High School respectfully dedicate this book to Miss Bonita Weaver.



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Madera Union High School	Twilight
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MISS EVA REEVE

MR. C. J. BURRELL

MISS BONITA WEAVER



MISS LUCY AGAR

MR. GEORGE KAHL MISS KATE ZIMMERMAN

CLASS OF 1913

500

CLASS FLOWER
Red Carnation

CLASS MOTTO "We Finish To Begin"

CLASS OFFICERS Leslie Conley, President Margaretha Wehrmann, Sec. and Treas. CLASS COLORS
Red and White

CLASS OFFICERS Agnes Briscoe, Vice President Nellie Secara, Class Editor



AGNES BRISCOE

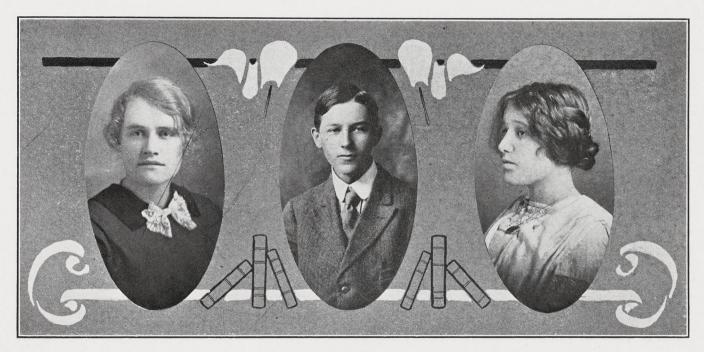
LESLIE CONLEY MARGARETHA WEHRMANN



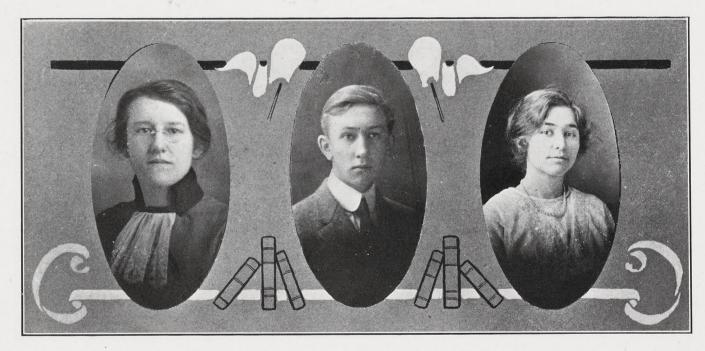
NELLIE SECARA

WILL ISAKSON

VIRGINIA CRAIG



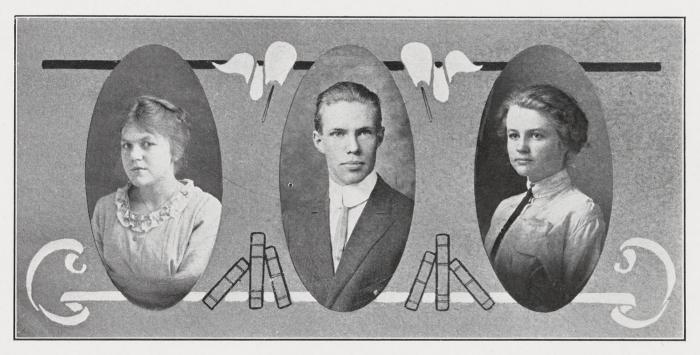
BESSIE SMITH LINTON MANTONYA ETHEL HARDELL



JEANNETTA BLOWERS

WILL RING

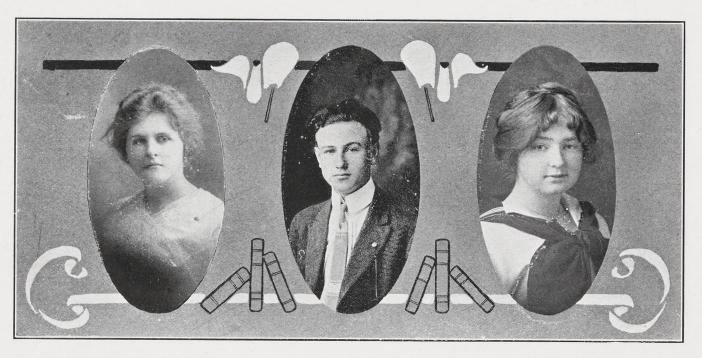
RETTA HONEYCUTT



HELEN FROOM

HENRY MCFADDEN

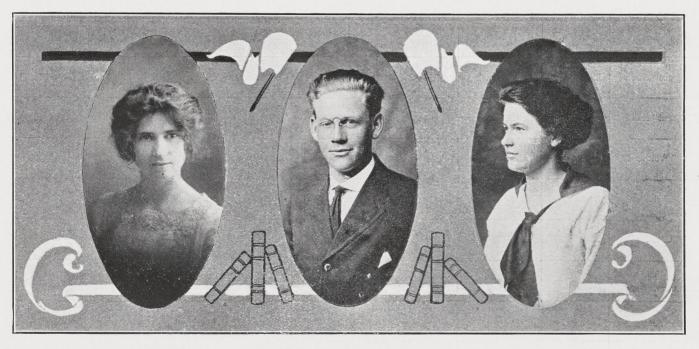
BESSIE VANDERBURG



FLORENCE BELCHER

PAUL HUSTED

ANNIE NOBLE



LUCIA WHITING

TRUEMAN WOOD

ESTELLA MOORE

CLASS HOROSCOPE

NAME	APPEAR- ANCE	FAVORITE EX- PRESSION	NOTED FOR	HIGHEST IDEAL	DESTINY	APPROPRIATE VERSE
"Fluffy" Smith	Lively	"How-do-you-do"	Teasing	To become a chauffeur	Missionary	"Therewith ye have in musyk moore feelyng than hadde Bocce or any that kan synge,"
"Jean" Blowers	Stern	"Well I swan-"	Taking naps in History	To live in the country	A lovable wife	"Tis only noble to be good, Kind hearts are more than coronets."
"Prunes" Wood	Jolly	"The Dickens"	Poetry	Kindergarten Prof.	Mule skinner	"Vex not thou the poet's mind. For thou canst not fathom it.
"Kansas" Husted	Important	"Hel-lo"	Continuous Ţalking	Music Teacher	Fat lady in a dime museum	"-there's not any law that exceeds his knowledge."
"Lu" Whiting	Stately	"Listen now -"	Tennis	Hazel Hotchkiss	Beauty Specialist	"And sikerly she was of greet desport; And ful pleasaunt and amyable of port."
"Irish" Noble	Demure	"What?"	Wearing of the Green	Teacher	Undertakeress	"—She seems as happy as a wave, that dances on the sea."
"W. C." Ring	Slow	"Ye generation of boneheads."	Big Words	Pres. U. S.	Delivery Boy	"For he was Epicurus owne sone, That heeld opinioun that pleyn delit Was verraily felicitee parlit."
"Rough-house" Conley	Pugnacious	"Search me"	Athletics	Speaker of U.S. Senate	Hasher	"His limbs were cast in manly mold For hardy sports or contests bold.—"
"Nell" Secara	Independent	"W-e-1-1"	Getting l's	Mathematics Teacher of U. C.	Cook	"All of beauty, all of use, That one fair planet can produce."
"Petsi" Wehrman	Dignified	"Shucks"	Positiveness	Married	President "Old Maid's Society'	"And in her air There was a something which bespoke command."
"Flossie" Belcher	Short	"S 'Ma'am''	Singing	Tetrazzini	Chorus Girl	"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard."

CLASS HOROSCOPE

NAME	APPEAR- ANCE	FAVORITE EX- PRESSION	NOTED FOR	HIGHEST IDEAL	DESTINY	APPROPRIATE VERSE
'R. L.'' Honeycutt	Thoughtful	"Oh, Shoot"	Good sense	Rancher	Chicken Specialist	"Her air, her smile, her motions, told Ot womanly completeness."
'Dutch'' Van- derburg	Mischievous	"What's the use"	Jokes	Stanford	Dancing Teacher	"Slowly, as from a cloud of gold Comes out thy deep, ambrosia1 smile."
'Grandma'' Briscoe	Tiny	"Oh, Kid—"	Basket Ball	To Graduate	Physics Teacher	"Light, lovely limbs, to which the Spirits play Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray."
"Bill" Isakson	English Tailor Model	"Gosh"	Stubbornness	W. R. Hearst	Boot-black	"Womman is mannes joye, and al his bliss."
"Pinkey" Froom	Cute	"Gosh Kid"	Hair Ribbons	Nobody knows	Private Secretary	"A maiden never bold—."
"Virgie" Craig	Modest	"Don't know my Latin"	Making hits with boys	Librarian	Essayist	"And welcome whereso'er she went, A calm and gracious element."
"Fudge" Moore	Lady like	"Oh, dear"	Quietness	Pastor's wife	We can't tell	"For never saw I mein or face, In which more plainly I could trace, Benignity and home-bred sense."
"Count" Mantonya	Studious	"It's just this way"	Brightness	Mgr. Ford Auto	Farmer	"Now I bethink me, this one had A figure like the willow tree Inclined to droop with pensive grace."
''Heinie'' McFadden	Lady like	"Oh, Pshaw"	Cutting out paper dolls	House-keeper	Pres.W. C. T. U.	"Curteis, he was and lovely of servyse, Ther was no man nowhere so vertuous."
''Elizabeth Snider'' Hardell	Reserved	"It sounded so funny"	Knowing things first	Actress	Private Stenographer	"There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip Nay her foot speaks."

CLASS PROPHECY

TRUEMAN WOOD, '13.

INTRODUCTION

One day as I walked thru the grove
Of oak and fir and pine,
That shades you crested mountain
From its base to its snow-line.
I fell to thinking deeply
Of my class-mates' coming strife.
I wanted, even longed,
To see their future life.

Four years we upward toiled;
Four years we stood as one;
But now our course is ended,
The goal we sought is won.
As Freshmen small we entered,
Mere children then were we;
But children cannot be children
Till the dawn of eternity.

I came, we met, they danced
Around a cauldron large,
While magic words were chanted
And magic soups were charged.
And when the spell was ready
They tied my tongue with care,
For no word must be spoken
When visions rise thru the air.

And thrown together daily,
We have learned to love the other,
To fight each other's battles
To feel as sister and brother.
And growing stronger, wiser,
That love is brighter fanned.
So my thoughts were deep and earnest
Of their fortune now at hand.

But I could not see precisely,
For five senses only have we;
The future was dark, unpictured
By anything I could see.
Then a bright thought came to help me.
Do you remember Macbeth's "Three?"
I'll meet them on the heath
While the moon is dancing free.

PROPHECY PROPER

I quivered 'neath their hand
As the wild young rabbits shake
When chased by the hounds for miles
Which at last the riders take.
They said not a word; they knew
What I had come to learn;
I could not say a word,
Their eves were cold and stern.

So I sat there silent and frightened
While the cauldron boiled and steamed.
Perhaps they'd stop their dancing
And over its contents lean.
More magic would then be thrown
And stirred into its charm,
Till misty forms rose upward,
And gave me much alarm.

Finally one old witch
Came creeping over my way
And led me up still closer
To the circling misty fray.
The clouds and lights took shape,
Then were tossed as if by rage
And fell into the beautiful sitting.
Of a fashionable New York stage.

The audience silent and ready
Listened for the first word;
So great was the silence pending
That a pin, dropped, could be heard.
Then a sweet familiar voice
And a face not hard to tell
Gave proof that Florence Belcher
Had sailed her ship quite well.

But the scene was quickly shifted;
A farm house came to view;
Someone was feeding pigeons;
I thought I surely knew.
And as the scene enlarged
The house was nearer drawn;
I knew I saw Jeanette
With her husband on the lawn.

But 'ere his face grew clear
The house had given way
To a mighty city street
With many lights at play.
One sign ever changing
Caught my eye above the rest
"The well-known Fortune Teller,
Agnes Briscoe of the West."

I wished to question further
But a wheat-field caught my eye,
That was rank and tall and heavy,
And a rig was passing by.
I looked to see what person
Was seated by his side;
But how was John induced
Eyer to take a bride?

Now again the mists were troubled
And long they shifted round
Till at length they showed a forest
And a meadow green around.
A girl was sitting, reading
Beneath a shady tree;
In truth it was Virginia
Still studying and still free.

Then back to sights familiar,
Ah! well I know this street,
'Tis welcome as a friend
That in foreign countries we meet.
Her home was not much changed,
Her face was Helen's fair,
And through the trees I saw
My hi school standing there.

Then far away the mists
Carried me o'er land and sea;
And set me down with ease
In the land of Italy.
A large hotel showed plainly,
Then a girl in tears of relief;
Just home-sick for her mother
Was Ethel's only grief.

Now came a prairie scene
With miles and miles of land,
Plowed by the hardy William
With his sturdy rugged hand.
He had wished to go to school
To study, learn and know,
But when he was all ready
She wouldn't let him go.

It's just the same as Hi school days,
No further had it spread.
Some say there's awful danger
The two may never wed.
But I have seen the future
And well I might here write
But Retta says be careful
And treat such matters light.

The next showed Paul a-talking,
He hadn't changed a bit.
He vainly was collecting
With all his old time wit.
First would he talk in English
And finally end in Germany.
And finally end in taking
An add for the Mercury.

Slow came the next in doubt,
I waited long to see.
Then came a large convention,
Led by—who could it be?
Then shouts rose o'er the hall
And Henry rose to quell;
He spoke, he ran for president,
He won, will do to tell.

A school-room took its place
Filled with a happy throng.
The teacher was before them,
They sang their morning song.
Then she put them at their work
To study while they play.
For Estella is a teacher
Not found every day.

Now came a life worth living
Of study and of gain
A large laboratory
Showed he had not lived in vain.
Within he proved his theories
Without were stored his proof.
For Linton was a man
Not afraid of the truth.

Then came a suffragette proudly
Carrying her banner high,
Followed by many others,
Her praises loud they cry.
I looked closer, thinking
Now who could this be?
Then she turned and said, laughing,
It's only (N) noble Annie.

The bells were ringing loudly
The engines groaned and went;
While over a desk in his car
A well-known form was bent.
Low down at first in the ranks of clerks
He had risen above them far.
And proud was he of his name
W. C. Ring, Jr., J. R.

A black-board rose from nowhere
With figures drawn in white.
Before it Nellie worked and explained
With all her old-time might.
She too, had risen upward,
Was now a high school tutor,
And although she was now quite old
She never found one to suit her.

Now came a lady walking
With dogs and cats along.
And old maid curls were visible;
But she sang a pretty song.
Just after school was over
Her heart was broken rent;
So Bess retired to solitude
And there her life was spent.

A German class were listening,
The language flowed as free
As if she spoke the tongue
Of her own dear country.
In far away Europe
On the silver flowing Rhine
Bess Vanderburg is teaching
The English to her line.

Next came a large old building
A hospital known to fame.
A matron stood before it,
I could not think her name.
Then turning full she faced me
I knew her then 'tis true.
But why was Margaretha
In there I never knew.

Now came a baseball park
With crowds standing round.
The baseball girls were playing
With Lucia on the mound.
In Hi she started training
And now a star she'll be
Upon the Boston Diamond
The champion battery.

No more moved sights before me
The cauldron was no more.
The witches stood before me
But a minute; the show was o'er.
I wished to ask my fate
But fast my tongue was tied.
And when I found it, too late—
On the wind the witches ride.

CONCLUSION

And so I went, with thoughts intent
Back through the farthest gloom;
O'er the rill, on yonder hill,
Prepared to meet my doom.
And gladly I rest, without the pest,
Of knowing what may be;
Now you may rest, with all the blessed,
For here endeth the Phophecy.

CLASS WILL

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SEN-IOR CLASS OF 1913 OF THE MADERA HIGH SCHOOL

We, the members of the Senior Class of 1913 of Madera Union High School, of the city and county of Madera, State of California, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this, our last will in manner and form as follows, that is to say:

- 1. To the Juniors do we bequeath our good nature, tolerance and forbearance, in the hope that these qualities, said class may be able to accomplish something without a fight. To this class do we leave the physics laboratory and the "playthings" continued therein.
- 2. To the Sophomores class we leave a large portion of spirit, pep and ginger, of which they are sadly in need.
- 3. Having set an example of dignity and sedateness, we advise the Freshmen to follow our example in these lines and living the rest of their high school life to forget their baby tricks and behave like young men and young women.
- 4. We do leave the care of the class of 1917 to the Faculty, hoping that they will be able to control the said class without our help.
 - 5. We do personally make the follow bequeathals:
- 1. I, Leslie J. Conley, do leave to my small brother the official title of "the school bluffer and roughhouser."

- 2. I, Linton R. Mantonya, do bequeath to David Barcroft my job as the scientist expert of the school.
- 3. I, Bessie Vanderburg, will my privilege of sticking out my tongue at the boys to any girl that can qualify in the size and shape of the tongue and gracefulness of that act.
- 4. I, Trueman A. Wood, do will and bequeath to "Pee Wee" Watson my position as poet laureate of the school.
- 5. I, Nellie Secara, do leave to any girl mathematically inclined, my position as the smartest girl in the mathematics class, when all the other members are boys.
- 6. I, Anne Noble, do will to Effie Raburn my title of "Carrots."
- 7. I, W. C. Ring, Jr., do will to Stanley Ford my position as chief of the outlaws.
- 8. I, Florence Belcher, leave my position as class adviser to any girl in the class of 1914 who thoroughly has the ability to talk as fast and hard in the face of opposition.
- 9. I, R. Paul Husted, do will and bequeath to my little brother the duty of expounding on the qualities of Kansas.
- 10. I, Agnes Briscoe, leave to Myrtle Gertsen, the position of the athletic "shrimp" of the school.

(SEAL)

Signed, CLASS OF 1913.

CLASS HISTORY

In the summer of 1940, Dorothy Browning visited her grandmother, who lived in an old town which was no longer prosperous. As there was not much to amuse Dorothy's lively nature she fell into the habit of spending many hours in her grandmother's large library exploring the bookcases which were the floor-walk of the room.

She spent afternoon upon afternoon, looking over the book shelves and looking over everything that interested her. The book cases all had drawers, in which her grandmother had stored away old pamphlets and papers. and read She these over tried one drawer which had was she But to open but all in vain. tried one day she lost her temper and gave an unusually vicious jerk. To her surprise it yielded and she beheld many old books and pamphlets, some even vellow with age. Lying on the very bottom of the drawer was a vellow book which aroused her interest. As she picked it up she read, "The Purple and White 1913."

It was indeed the Purple and White of the class of '13 for there after turning a few pages she saw her mother's picture when she was a young girl and attending Madera Union High School. She turned a few more pages and finally came to the "History of the Class of '13." It ran as follows:

"On the first day of September, 1909, about thirty-five little Freshmen had reached their ambition's height—to enter High School. We felt our importance indeed, as, on our way to the school that memorable day, we passed other children going to the grammar school—the school we

had left behind. Once inside the doors of the High School, our heads drooped from their proud height, and we stood in the hall almost trembling with fear. Such a predicament as we were in! We did not know where to go. Where was the room they called the "Assembly Hall?" Finally with the assistance of older members of the school we managed to find it and there we seated ourselves. We thought we would be the same bright and shining lights we had been in grammar school, but the seniors called us "green." It did not take us long to find out what they meant.

Finding the class rooms were our next trouble. Some students going one way, others another—how could we be expected to find our way that first day? And the seniors were all so tall and we just couldn't keep from getting lost.

Our first day ended, we were next to encounter hard lessons. But we attacked them all with a vim that surpassed that of other students. Algebra and Latin were both hard and why we had to study what we called a "waste of time," it was more than we could see. Nevertheless we proved our ability.

The faculty had good reason to believe that we often burned the midnight oil. With some (I'll not say with all) the studying hours extended past midnight, into morning and the next day heads were seen lying on desks during recitation.

We made ourselves famous, that first year, in debates. We had many interclass debates (for our class was then large and divided into two sections). We also debated with the Sophomores which we lost and once with the grammar school in which the victory was ours.

Our parents couldn't help rejoicing when they first received our report cards, for "ones" appeared quite often.

During the second term of our Freshmen year, we had reason to congratulate ourselves upon our ability in social affairs, for on the fourteenth of February we gave a Valentine party to the rest of the school, a party which all our guests united in praising. One of the numbers on the program consisted of a farce, and another number, which especially interested the Freshmen, was a play in which an old time country school was represented. All pupils of that school were dressed in old-fashioned country clothes. Girls had long braids hanging down their backs, and some boys had overalls and knee pants. Representation met with great applause from the audience. Refreshments brought the evening to a close.

The remainder of the term passed quietly and quickly for we were too much absorbed in lessons for anything else.

Proud of our numbers and ability, we left school for two months vacation which we claimed was much needed after our strenuous labor.

The next year found us Sophomores and it was our turn to assist the Freshmen to find their places; it was our turn to look down upon a class of less experience than our own. Lessons assailed us on every side. English, instead of being our easiest subject, as it had been the year before, now proved our hardest and one which caused even more students to continue their studying into the late hours. The more we heard "There will be a test in English tomorrow" the more frightened we became. "Ex's" in Geometry came but we pulled through with no one hurt.

It was this year that we learned what the "jug" was, but as most of us were reasonably cautious, we managed to stay away from it most of the time.

Several of our classmates had dropped out during our Freshmen year and this year others had also left us, much to our disappointment. Saddest of all, our beloved classmate, Regina Desmond, passed away. Our principal excused the whole school to attend her funeral. The flowers sent by our class could express only faintly our love and esteem in which we held our dear classmate.

As Juniors, our class became smaller still, for two or three more of our members dropped out. We barely escaped a dreadful fate in the chemistry laboratory this year, for trying unusual mixtures was our hobby. Making gunpowder was great fun, all the more so because it was a forbidden pleasure, but, even though it was forbidden, it never sent us to the "Jug." I regret to say, however, that we became better acquainted with that institution than we had ever been before.

The Freshmen and Sophomore were alarmed one day by a dreadful odor all over the building and upon inquiry learned that it was H2S. Chemistry language was beyond their comprehension so it behooved us to explain further.

Towards the close of this year, we entertained the seniors so that they could leave the school feeling that they had been appreciated. We, ourselves, have been taking notice of the seniors, for we were to succeed them the following year and we wanted to be ready to act the part. In fact we were so busy getting ready to be seniors that we began to think that we were before the class of 1912 had graduated.

September, 1912! Seniors at last! How long we have desired to attain that proud height! Really seniors! It was hard to believe. For three long years, or so they had seemed to us, we had worked to become seniors and at last our hopes were realized. Now that we were there we no longer spent sleepless hours at night until long after midnight. We had learned how to get our lessons without this.

Some new members entered our class so that we can now boast of twenty-one.

Everyone who entered the Physics class exclaimed at first, "Oh, this is where I am going to flunk'." But it is a

testimony of our ability and perseverance that no one had failed in it.

When it came time to choose class pins there was, of course, a "rumpus." Some wanted one, some another, and the boys intended to get different pins and graduate by themselves. However, we finally compromised on a pin that was accepted by all.

We are now proud to assert what even our principal has asserted, that we are the most harmonious class that ever graduated.

Our greatest pride lies in two things, that we are the largest class that ever graduated from Madera Hi and that we have the largest percentage of students that have earned the right to be recommended to a higher school. We have a right to be proud of these achievements. The long patience and kindness of our faculty have aided us in this and they have taught us many lessons we will not soon forget. Though we are soon to say farewell to high school life here, we will ever hold our teachers in fond remembrance.

May the seniors who follow after us have a successful year and may they not forget their indebtedness to their teachers.

"Oh, isn't that an interesting history," said Dorothy when she had finished. "I do hope our class will be able to have such a nice one when we enter high school and become seniors." With this she turned back to the beginning and read the book entirely through before she put it back to its dusty place.

The Mischief Making Kodak

ESTELLA MOORE, '13.

"All aboard for Glacier Point!" shouted Jack, as he came out of his tent just as the sun peeped over the mountains.

Immediately some one shouted, "We'll be on hand by the time breakfast is ready."

"Let's take our provisions along and cook our breakfast at Mirror Lake. It will be right on our way and the walk in this pure air will give us a fine appetite for breakfast, besides a novel experience," said Jack, trying to show his oratorical ability.

"Bright idea," cried the chorus of girls as they laughingly came running out of their tent.

Mrs. Shaver, with her son and daughter, and a company of four other girls, were spending their summer at Yosemite Valley. They had planned to spend this particular day at Glacier Point. Approving of Jack's suggestion they breakfasted at Mirror Lake.

Jack's prophecy was correct in this one instance, for to say that they had ravenous appetites is putting it mildly. After his appetite was satisfied Jack walked down to the edge of the water that he might "admire his beautiful face" in the mirror of the lake. He was gazing intently at his image when he suddenly saw his sister Gladys' face peering over his shoulder. It so startled him that he lost his balance and fell right into the silvery mirror; but no "glass" jingled as he broke its smooth surface. Gladys screamed but since Jack was well able to swim he soon stood dripping on the shore. The girl's screams brought the others to the spot just in time to see Jack emerge from the water and swim to land. Of course they all thought it a good joke on him and had a hearty laugh because it served him right for being so vain.

It was too cold for Jack to keep on his wet clothes, so the girls who had brought along some extra clothes to go swimming in, kindly lent him theirs. When he was all dressed he looked so funny that when he wasn't looking the girls took a picture of him standing before his "mirror."

The trip to Glacier Point had to be abandoned for the day, because of Jack's misfortune, but much to his surprise, the girls seemed quite eager to get back to camp and started on ahead. Jack and his mother walked slowly and took in the scenery along the way. When they arrived in sight of camp the girls came running to meet them. Gladys, who was in the lead, was waving something frantically in the air. "Oh, Jack, look at the picture," she cried. He, thinking it a picture of some friend through the mail, hurried to see who it was. Imagine his surprise when he saw it was his own picture just as he looked now, dressed in his sister's clothes. He took it good-naturedly for he thought that they would leave it when they broke up camp.

However, he was tired of being joked about that picture long before they left camp. The girls were very careful to keep it out of his reach for if they hadn't it wouldn't have existed long.

One evening, just at dusk, he determined to get that picture and burn it up. So, going into the girl's tent, he picked up a photograph that was lying on the bureau and later he put it into the camp fire. He was a very surprised boy the next morning when he saw Gladys with his

photograph and at once came to the conclusion that he had made a mistake and burned the wrong one.

A few days before he left the valley the girls sent Jack's picture to Dorothy, his favorite girl friend, in the city. They wrote on the bottom of it, "One of our friends" but didn't explain anything. She didn't recognize Jack and thought it was some girl they had met on their camping trip.

Immediately after their return to the city, Jack went to see Dorothy. After hearing all about their fine times she said, "You haven't told me about the girl you met in Yosemite."

"Why, what girl do you mean? I didn't know about any," said Jack, very much surprised.

"I mean this one," she said, as she showed him his own picture dressed in the girl's clothes.

"Why that,"—he began and then suddenly stopped, very much confused and blushing violently. Then when he refused to explain, of course she took it for granted that he thought a great deal of her and her tone changed.

"If Gladys hadn't told me to return this to her, I would give it to you as a keepsake to remember your new friend by," she said very indignantly.

Poor Jack, not wanting to explain the picture, himself, thought that he would have Gladys tell her all about it and keep himself out of an embarassing position, and so took his departure.

Dorothy immediately sent the photograph to Gladys for she didn't want to see any more of it.

They had been home only a few days, but during that length of time a great many people had come to see the Shavers. When they told of their adventures in Yosemite, Gladys, much to Jack's mortification and embarrassment always brought out that horrid picture and told the story. On such occasions, Mr. Jack fled from the room. He had attempted to capture it but so far had not been successful.

On this particular day, the Shavers were to give a dinner party for some of Dorothy and Jack's friends. Mrs. Shaver decided that Jack's photograph had created enough disturbance and so, wishing to save him from any more embarassment she threw it into the fire place and then went out to cut some flowers for the tables.

Just as she left the room, Dinah, the cook came in, and seeing the photograph in the fire and thinking it had fallen off the mantel, rescued it before it started to blaze.

That evening when dinner was about over, Dinah came in and going up to Gladys, handed her a photograph and said in her loud voice, "Oh, Missah Gladys, heah dis heah pictuh I done foun' obeh dah in deh fah-place. Sech extrabagance, I nebeh do see."

"Oh, Jack, here is that horrid picture of yours again as you call it," cried Gladys, teasingly. "But I don't see how it got into that fire for I left it in my room."

"I guess I'll have to explain," said Mrs. Shaver. Then she said that she had wanted to help Jack out and so put

it in the fire.

Dorothy had been sitting by unbelievingly listening to the explanation. When Mrs. Shaver finished speaking Dorothy quickly snatched the picture from Gladys and, gazing at it intently, suddenly broke out into a hearty laugh. "Well, if that isn't a good joke on me," was what she said when she got her breath again.

Of course everyone wanted to know what the joke was and so amid the laughter of the jolly crowd she told the story of her mistake in believing that this picture of Jack's was a girl in Yosemite.

After the last ripple of laughter had died away, Gladys said, "I agree with mother, that we have had enough fun out of this photograph and Jack enough displeasure, so, I make a motion that we hold a grand celebration and burn it."

"Second the motion," cried Jack.

So amid gay laughter they gathered around the fire place after promising Jack that they would never speak of that photograph again, they watched it go up in flames.

Jack looked happier than he had since the photograph had been taken for his troubles were over and because his pursuit of the photograph was ended.

Wanderer's Nachtlied

(Translated from German)

Above all the mountains is rest,

In the trees
One scarcely can feel the breath
Of a breeze;
Each bird of the forest's asleep in its nest;
Wait only a while and you too shall rest.

The Pursuit of the Photograph

NELLIE SECARA, '13.

Dick Carter and his father had been traveling in Egypt and the Holy Land for several months, investigating ruins there, for Mr. Carter was a scientist. Finally, they had discovered some new ruins and investigated them, but Dick had to return to his country to go to College, leaving his father to work on the ruins. Dick was a student at the

Boston Institute of Technology.

While he and his father were working at the ruins, a picture of the most valuable part had been taken. Dick and his father appeared in this picture which was very valuable because of the valuable collection of ancient relics it showed. This picture Mr. Carter had sent to Dick to have it copied and, as it was so valuable especial care had to be taken of it. Dick had received it at the postoffice and was walking down the street watching an altercation between a policeman and the driver of a taxicab who had been arrested for speeding, when he discovered that he had lost the precious picture. Quickly he retraced his steps to the postoffice. All the time looking anxiously along the street for the package. After he had gone over the route twice without finding it, he inquired of the policeman whom he saw if they had found it. None of them had and he was going away discouraged, when a small newsboy stopped him saying, "Say, Mister, I just saw a gent pick up a package from the street here."

"Where did he go?" asked Dick, "And what did he

look like?"

"He had a brown overcoat and brown derby hat on." answered the boy, "And went up that side street there."

Dick hurried down the street looking anxiously for a man with a brown overcoat and brown derby hat. Going

for several blocks, he was beginning to be discouraged when, turning a corner, he saw a man answering to that description going up the steps of a fashionable looking house and carrying a package in his hand. Dick sprinted along and reached the house just about half a minute after the man did. He rang the bell excitedly and then stamped around wondering why somebody didn't come to the door. Finally a butler opened the door and gazed stonily at him.

"Say," began Dick, "I want to see that man who just came in; he has something of mine. Quick or he'll get

away with it!"

The butler continued to stare and started to close the door, but Dick hurriedly brushed him aside and ran in. Hearing voices in a room nearby, he went in that direction and arrived in time to see a girl, standing with her arms around the young man who had just come in. He heard her say, "Oh, sweetheart! I thought you would never come, and you brought me a box of candy! How dear of you." Then, as she saw Dick, she screamed and the man turned with a frown on his face.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"That package!" Dick grasped, "I dropped and a newsboy saw you pick it up. It contains a valuable picture."

"I don't understand," the man said, "This package contains a box of candy. I don't see what connection it can have with your picture and I think that you have forced yourself upon us; you had better explain."

"Why," said Dick, trying to be calm, "I had a package sent to me by mail containing a valuable picture. I

lost it on the street and a newsboy saw you pick it up."

"Oh," said the man, "I dropped this package and picked it up again. That was what he saw. But I saw a young lady in a limousine stop and pick up a package. But I will show you that this isn't your package." so he took off the wrapper and showed Dick it was only a box of candy from one of the leading confectioners.

Dick went slowly down the steps and started down the street again in pursuit of the picture.

He went back to the street again in which he had lost the photograph and tried to find some person who had seen the young woman in the limousine. It seemed nobody had seen her, so he went home and sent an advertisement to the leading papers to be inserted in the personals.

He waited anxiously for a week and received no answer. He was beginning to fear that he would never hear from it again, when one morning he received the following letter:

Dear Sir:—If you will call at 1264 Elin Street, I think you will find your picture.

ALICE MAYNE.

After his excitement on receiving these tidings abated, be hegan to notice the handwriting and signature. The writing was fine and dainty and the name suggested a refined person.

"Just the girl I've been looking for," he asserted, "I'll go right now and get my picture and get acquainted with her."

He found the house with quite a little difficulty on account of the crooked streets, but at last he found it. It was an imposing structure and looked as if its owners might be wealthy.

When his ring at the bell was answered, he asked to see Alice Mayne, who had answered his advertisement. He was ushered into a room in which sat a very pretty girl. He could hardly speak for looking at her, but she came forward and said, "You were the person who lost the picture?"

"Yes," he said, not taking his eyes from her face. "Just the girl I have been dreaming of," he said to himself.

She gave him the picture after he had described it and they conversed for quite awhile. He was growing more in love every minute and finally remarked that the picture was very valuable and then told of his numerous adventures in search of it.

"Yes," she said, "From the advertisement I learned of its value. I doubted it, but my husband, when he brought it home, said it might be valuable. He is quite a scientist himself, you know"—but with a groan, Dick had seized his picture and left.



Twilight

MYRTLE E. GERTSEN, '15.

Gently o'er the green clad hills,
Creeps the dying sun;
Soon, the babbling little rills
Cease their rippling run.
Twilight, in her garment gold,
Sways the weary world.
And the moon comes to behold
The Universe, unfurled.

Silence treads her way unseen,
O'er vales in slumber blest,
Leaving there a fairy sheen,
And all the world doth rest.
Soon, the dying sun does sink,
Behind the purple hills;
And with its dying embers, link
The laughter of the rills.

The violet and the primrose,

The woodland pansy, too,
Their sunkissed petals now disclose,
To sip the evening dew.
The birds and beasts, and flowers,
Soon will be asleep;
While dear old Mother Nature showers,
Her blessings in a heap.

Just so, my gentle readers,
Your life is like the day;
You must have a leader,
To guide you on your way.
The morn, is your beginning,
The noon, is half your strife;
And Twilight sums the innings,
That you have made in life.

And, when your life is leaving,
Like the dying sun,
Your loved ones all are grieving,
Their tears in silence run,
Like the petals of the primrose,
Unfold to the evening dew,
Your inmost heart you'll disclose,
To God, for He is true.

The Chinese Jardinieres

BESSIE SMITH, '13.

When Betty Bradley and Jack Dawson were married, Jack's aunt, Miss Susan Parsons, gave them a pair of Chinese jardinieres, as a wedding gift. The jardinieres were precious because Aunt Susan had purchased them in China, but were certainly hideous and little Mrs. Jack sighed as she drew them forth from their wrappings. But of course Aunt Susan's feelings must not be hurt, so Betty wrote her a little note, thanking her for them.

Somehow, the jardinieres did not seem to harmonize with the color scheme in any of the rooms. So at last Betty

was obliged to stow them away in the attic.

One day, Myrtle Reynolds, Betty's particular girl friend, rushed into the dining room where Betty was quietly reading. "Betty Bradley—I mean Dawson—we are going to give a sale down at the settlement and everyone is to send something to sell, and what will you give?" She paused for breath.

"Well, Myrtle Reynolds, you needn't scare me out of my seven senses," Betty replied, "Why I don't know what I'll give. Let's go up to the attic and see what's

there."

So the two girls rummaged around in the attic and found various articles such as old hats, cloaks, vases and books.

"Will I ever want these?" asked Betty as she held up the jardinieres, with a wry face.

"Where did you get them?" asked Myrtle, as she ex-

amined the hideous things closely.

"Aunt Susan Parsons gave them to us for a wedding present. But she never comes to see us so it would do no

harm to send them to the sale. Would it?" replied Betty.

"All right," laughed Myrtle, "Hand them over." So the little jardinieres were consigned to Myrtle's basket and Myrtle went on her way rejoicing.

The sale at the settlement under Myrtle's management, was a splendid success. Every article brought to the sale was sold, among them the Chinese jardinieres.

But a catastrophe was to follow.

One evening Jack came home and announced, "Aunt Susan is coming tomorrow. Just got a letter from her tonight."

"Oh, that's nice," began Betty, "But, Oh, Jack"—and her face fell-"what will we do about those awful jardinieres?"

"Drag 'em from the attic and stick them up somewheres." cheerfully replied Jack.

"I can't," replied Betty, "I sent them to that settlement sale and I don't know who bought them. Oh, what shall I do?" wailed Betty.

"By George! That is a mess," replied Jack, "But never

mind, little girl, we'll fix it someway."

The next morning Betty phoned to Myrtle and told her about Aunt Susan's visit. "And you just must do your best to find those jadinieres," finished Betty.

"I'll do my very best and let you know how I progress,"

responded Myrtle.

Later in the day the phone rang and Myrtle said, "Hello, Betty, I think I'm on the track of those jardinieres at last. Mrs. O'Ryan says her sister bought some Chinese jars and they may be your jardinieres. You say Aunt Susan won't be out there until 4:30 this afternoon? Well, we'll surely find them by then. Good-bye."

As Betty hung up the receiver she felt a tiny bit relieved. But her relief vanished when at two o'clock Myrtle

came in again.

"Those were vases and not jardinieres at all that Mrs. O'Ryan's sister had," she cried. "And I have hunted up every Mrs. Finnegan and O'Reilly and every other Irish woman in town, without finding them, but"—she brightened—"I'll find them yet."

At a little after four o'clock that afternoon Jack came home bringing Aunt Susan and a suit case with him. Betty sat and entertained her for a few minutes, then excused herself and left the room. She phoned to Myrtle to get the latest reports. Myrtle reported that nothing had developed as yet but that she had just received a new clue and was going out to follow it up.

When Betty returned to the parlor, she found Aunt Susan walking around examining the picture and bric-abrac. Aunt Susan looked guilty when she saw Betty and she sat down hastily. But all the time they were talking Betty noticed Aunt Susan looking around as if she were

hunting for something.

Finally, Betty heard a commotion out in the kitchen and excused herself and hastened to the kitchen. There she found Myrtle with the Chinese jardinieres in her hands.

"Oh, you dear!" exclaimed Betty, "Where did you find them?"

"Right here in Norah's room in your own house," laughed Myrtle. "Norah bought them at the sale and we never even thought to ask her anything about them. She didn't mind selling them back to me at all."

"Well, aren't we the greatest geese!" exclaimed Betty. "Give them to me quick and I'll put them in the library

while you go in and talk to Aunt Susan."

Later, Betty said, "Wouldn't you like to see our little house, Aunt Susan?"

Aunt Susan didn't say anything when she saw the jardinieres in a prominent place on the window seat of the library, and Betty elaborately explained that the plants they had contained had died.

Two weeks later when Aunt Susan left, as she kissed Betty good-bye, she said, "I've had a lovely time, dear, and I'm so glad you can use my jardinieres. When I first came, I was afraid you had put them out of sight because you didn't like them. But now I know you didn't."

Betty patted her shoulder lovingly and waved as long

as she could see the kind old face.

That night as she was telling Jack about it she concluded by saying, "I'm awfully glad we found them for I wouldn't have hurt her for worlds and this experience has been a lesson to me."



Winter Sports

When it's freezin' cold and snowin' An' the North wind is a blowin'. Then's the time it makes a feller feel like Stavin' in the house: You don't feel a bit like workin'. An' your duty, you're a shirkin', While vou're staying on the inside, jest as Quiet as a mouse.

> Wind and snow don't mix with playin'. You'd catch cold to go out sleighin', Got to set around a hot stove readin' some old worn-out book; No book's ever interestin'. Nature is so blamed molestin'. Course vou can't be out a coastin' Or a skatin' on the brook.

Next day when it stops a snowin', An' the North wind stops a blowin'. An' we've got our chores all done up An' there's nothing else to do. Jim sets by the big stove a roastin'. But I'm out and gone a coastin', On the hill beyond the ice pond With another boy or two.

After dinner we'd go skatin'. it's an awful long time waitin'. Till you get down to the millpond Where the ice is as smooth as glass. It's a lot more fun than swimmin', Or to set inside like women, Or to hang around in summer. Keeping cool upon the grass.

> In the evenin' we go sleighin', Nature seemms to be playin', For the dreary days she gave us just a day or two before. There's a jolly bunch of young folks. Who will sing and shout and tell jokes Say that's fun! There's nothin' like it In the whole wide world. I'm sure.

But these good times soon are goin', Soon we won't have any snowin', And it makes my heart ache when I Think of summer days to come. Purty soon I'll be longin' For the days of joyous singin', Oh, I wish 'twas always winter So I always be to home.

The Tenderfoot's Snipe Hunt

L. MANTONYA, '13.

nights." These words were spoken by Sam Samson, fore- The old vellow-backed magazine had been thrown aside, and man of the crew of potato diggers. The place was the the old smokey lantern had been turned out, and the last

"Say, boys, let's go snipe hunting some of these bunk-house of a ranch in the lower San Joaquin valley."

man had turned in for the night.

Sam's suggestion met with the immediate and hearty approval of Jake Dermitt, Sam's ever-ready friend and ally, while Jim, the new hand, seemed all eagerness to hear particulars of this new and exciting sport. Sam, however, did not explain the details of the hunt, telling him that he would see for himself before the hunt was over with.

Jim was but lately come from the east, hence the appellation "tenderfoot." He was naturally the object of all good-natured pranks of the rest of the crew.

The next night, in accordance with their plan, the three friends set out for the hunt. The place chosen was a small island, a short distance up the river. It was a little after eight o'clock when the hunters pushed the canoe from the bank and slipped through the tules out into mid-stream. It was a very cold night for that time of the year, and the cold, clear, light of the moon, which had just risen, made the coldness seem more intense.

Equipped with the necessary apparatus, a lantern and a sack, they rowed up stream to the island, and landed at a place near the middle of the north side.

Then they made their way down to the west of the island, and back again to a place near the middle of the south side, where they stopped and Jim received his instructions.

"Now," said Sam, "You hang this sack on a tree, and hang the lantern in front of it. Jake and I will chase the birds.

"When they see the light they will fly at it, just like a moth flies toward a candle. They will get confused and fly right into the sack. When it begins to get full, you shut it before they have a chance to get out." Jim agreed to his part of the hunt, and the other two set off to scare up the birds, and Jim sat down to patiently guard the sack.

The two conspirators decided to return by the road had come, since they were not miliar with the island. but knew that part of the interior was swampy. Laughing and chuckling over the fun they would have out of the "tenderfoot" the next day, they retraced their steps towards the place where they had left the canoe, but, behold, the canoe was not there. They had certainly drawn it up high enough so that the current could not wash it off, and were at first completely mystified at what had happened. Then they closely examined the tracks in the moist earth, and saw that someone had pulled the canoe back into the water. Some one from a passing boat must be responsible for the act. Then they returned to where they had left Jim. He was gone, and likewise the lantern and sack.

Then the truth had dawned upon them. Jim had beaten them to the boat and "hiked for home." With many emphatic comments upon the conduct of their absent friend, they returned to the shore to wait for rescue.

It appeared later that Jim, although a "tenderfoot," had been wise to the snipe-hunting game all the time and, as soon as his friends were out of sight, had taken the lantern, and, by the means of its light, had taken a short cut through the dense forest, to the other side where they had left the canoe.

It became cloudy during the latter part of the night, and a drizzling rain set in, and so it was a very wet and disgusted pair of practical jokers that were rescued the next morning by a hilarious boat-load of their fellow workmen.

Caught in the Act

MYRTLE GERTSEN, '15.

In the myths of old,
The story is told,
That Jupiter longed to make love.
One day in the wood,
A fair huntress stood,
Whom Jupiter saw from above.

So he hastened down,
To the earthly ground,
To woo this sweet maiden fair.
With azure eyes,
As blue as the skies.
And a wealth of golden hair.

In refreshing shade, Of a cool green glade, Oh! happy moments were they; There was such a bliss, In every kiss, No need to hasten away. And through the day long, They sang love's sweet song, Ah, me! what a happy pair! Through the cloudless skies, Jealous Juno spies, Jupiter and Callisto fair.

To appease her wrath,
She follows the path,
That leads through the balmy air.
With her fairy stick,
And her magic trick,
Callisto's changed into a bear.

"Alas," Jupiter grieves,
And just as he leaves,
Sly Juno with jealous tact,
Says, "Ah! Jupiter wise,
Next time cloud these skies,
So you won't be caught in the act."

Seorge Washington

VIRGINIA CRAIG, '13.

Our assemblage here, fellow students, on a day most dear to every true American heart, proves the patriotic spirit of the American people; it shows their gratitude and love for him who is "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

We see him, as his soldiers saw him, amid the trials of Valley Forge, kneeling upon the snow-clad earth, with eyes cast reverently upward, earnestly imploring the aid and guidance of the All-powerful King of the Universe. His unfaltering faith, his cheerful endurance of whatever lot befell him made him the stay of the army.

We see him, with a handful of faithful followers, marching rapidly across New Jersey, disregarding the storms of a New England winter. We follow him on the night before Christmas across the ice-bound Delaware to the breaking up of the British festivities. We go with his ragged, barefooted soldiers across the snow, left pink with blood from their frozen feet, into the woods near Germantown, where trees are hewn down and rude cabins hastily constructed. Washington is here, there, everywhere, cheering and encouraging his followers.

Through those seemingly endless, dreary years, he is ever upheld by the power of his cause, and by his never failing trust in his God, for "Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just."

At last, we see him victor at Yorktown, and then promptly laying down his trust, bidding a farewell, with tears in his eyes, to the officers who have suffered with him for their country.

Great as he was in war, greater was he in peace. We behold him refusing, with lofty and patriotic indignation,

the kingly crown, urged upon him again and again by an impulsive soldiery. And again we see him upholding the peaceful neutrality of his country, remaining firm against the clamor of a people, eager to take part in European struggles. Well he knew we had but lately passed through a long and arduous struggle and were illy prepared to enter upon another warfare. With marvelous wisdom he steered the ship of state through her great struggle for life, and left her firmly anchored on the shore of time.

A perishable monument of stone cannot be a fit emblem of the greatness of his character. It was graven on the grateful hearts of the innumerable multitudes of his own age. It has come down to us, and it will be proclaimed throughout the whole world as long as time shall last. It shall ever stand an indestructible monument of American Independence. Nay, more, it shall be one of the golden links in the golden chain by which humanity connects itself with the throne of God. "For he was, in the whole of his character, perfect." "And let the whole earth be filled with his glory." The place that he holds in American history is truly a magnificent one. His is the temple of honor in the hearts of his countrymen.

PRIDIE KALENDAS MARTIAS.

The Sandstorm

The wind blows wild, And the sand is driven, Like hail and sleet, From the western heaven,

The dunes, they go, Like leaves on the tree, And the sands, they blow, Far over the sea.

The seeds, they go, And the leaves, they fly, Where the wild winds blow, From the western sky.

Now the showers are past, And the clouds, they flee, When the winds die at last, Far out in the sea.

The Broken Light

BESSIE VANDERBURG, '13.

"Do you think you can do it, Zellie?"

"I'm sure I can. What is there to do but to sit and watch the light burn? I'm not sleepy-headed and you must go to Hazel. She needs you or she wouldn't have sent for you," answered the tall, athletic brunette at his side.

"I suppose so," answered the grey-headed man who paced the floor of the small sitting-room below the room containing the great light which sent its rays far out over the ocean.

The girl's eyes belied her cheerful words for she knew the dangers in a storm and to be left alone in a light-house miles away (as it seemed to her, then, although before this she would have called it just a step) from anyone was not a pleasant idea. But Zelma was not a coward and she knew that she must keep up her cheerful manner while her friends stayed.

Zelma Ackers had come to visit her father's old friend, Captain Ludwig, and his daughter, Hazel. Hazel's mother had died when she was only a child and her father had been her sole companion all her life. While Zelma was visiting them, Hazel thought it would be a good time to go to Jackson to do some shopping. The town was forty miles away and she would have to stay over there all night. That morning Captain Ludwig had received word from Jackson's Emergency Hospital stating that Hazel had fallen from her horse and had broken her shoulder and needed him.

Captain Ludwig had never left the lighthouse with anyone except Hazel and felt doubtful as to his duty.

There was a great storm and he would have to ride forty miles in the rain, but he worried only about the light.

"Don't worry about me and don't leave the light longer than is necessary. Don't forget to light it at sundown and put it out at daybreak. I'll be home in the morning," were his last words as he mounted his horse.

"All right, I'll be safe until you return. I can surely watch a light burn," she said with a laugh.

After he had gone she settled in a comfortable chair by the window with a book and read for fifteen minutes. During the time she had looked at the clock three times and now gave up the book in disgust. She wandered through all the rooms and then thought it surely was time to light the lamp and wondered how she could tell when the sun sank when she couldn't see the sun. She looked at the clock and it was actually three o'clock. She climbed the stairs and looked out over the sea and back again to the rocks. She wished she were home and again was thankful that she wasn't afraid of thunder.

At four o'clock she lighted the lanp and when she had read for two hours, she thought she might as well write a letter home. She had just started when she heard a cat mew. She did delight in soft, fluffy, little cats. "Poor little kitty. It must be cold," she said to herself. "I wonder if I could leave this light long enough to get a poor little cat, who is cold and hungry? I believe I could." She was half-way down the stairs when she finished her soliloguy.

She had no more than reached the outer door when a dark figure stole craftily up the stairs two steps at a time.

"That was a good imitation to unpracticed ears, I really believe. Won't she be surprised? It takes something like a cold cat to ruin plans of a woman. I wonder how I can break this?" He had reached the light by this time, "I've never had any practice in this kind of a job. But I guess I can do most anything for a million or more. Now we'll see what this hammer can do for it. There! It cracked, the next will break it, sure—now for my exit before our lady returns." He crept quickly down the staircase and just had time to get in a dark corner in the room below.

Zelma was looking for her kitty, when she heard a crash. She gave a last look into the darkness and ran up the stairs with fast beating heart. She stood thunder-

struck for a moment.

"Oh, what had happened? The light's out and that ship I saw must be 'most to the reef. I can't fix this. I must go for help." Quickly settling her mind as to her course she tore down the stairs out to the stable. She saddled and bridled "Lady" hastily and started on a gallop down the beach. As the storm became fiercer she held "Lady" in for she knew she had a hard ride before her. She was wet through before she had gone a mile. She urged "Lady" on and on until she saw a dim light in the distance, which she knew to be that of the wireless telegraph station. She approached the cabin slowly and gave a loud halloa.

"Hello, who's there?" she heard in answer.

"The visitor at the light house. Captain Ludwig left me in charge and the light's out. There's an ocean ship near the reef. What can we do?"

"Do? Why send 'em a wireless, right away," and proceeded to do so.

Zelma waited breathlessly outside. It seemed ages when he returned.

"It's too stormy, I can't get an answer," he said.

"Oh!" was all Zelma could say. The ride seemed use-

less. "If Captain Ludwig were only here," she finally gasped.

"Captain Ludwig! What could be do more than I?" Zelma had regained her presence of mind by this time and ignoring the question she asked, "Captain Sebrack, have you a boat?"

"Waal, yes, I have a motor, as good a one as there is on the coast—her name is the 'Gull.' Very—"

"I remember. Is it the one Hazel and I had the day we went up the bay?"

"Yes, but what-"

"Is it all prepared for going," she interrupted. "Yes, but—"

"Now show her to me and give me a compass. I know the reef's due north of here. I won't strike it. Be sure that the whistle is in order and hurry—do hurry."

"But my good gal, you never can—" he answered

coaxingly.

"Will you rent her to me?" she inquired impatiently.

"But Captain L. will never—"

"Never mind Captain L. I want the "Gull". The question is may I have her?" she interrupted almost angrily.

"I s'pose so," he said at last a trifle dubiously.

"Hurry! I can manage her. Do move!"

"Well come this way. If you must go I suppose you must. You're silly, but awfully sot in your ways.'

"Take care of "Lady" and look for a wireless. Good-

bve." she answered as she started the motor.

Zelma worked as in a dream. She had a faint remembrance of being wet and of the sound of the engine afterwards but at the time she kept her gaze on the sea ahead. The rain blew face; She was stiff and cold, she steered. After a time which seemed like hours she thought she heard a signal but couldn't be sure. As she quickened the speed in spite of the danger; she could hear it more plainly. She was sure it was a call for help.

"God be with them," she said fervently. "They are

on the reef."

Directly she gave a long whistle and got an answer. As she neared the ship she heard some call.

"We are on the reef, can you help us?"

"What shall I do? I can't begin to make them hear me and I don't know anything about signals," she thought. She sat wondering what she should do, when a search light was turned on her for an instant.

"Move farther away and catch this rope, if you can,"

she heard and did as she was told.

The first rope missed but the second one landed at her

feet.

For an instant she stood looking at it, then tied it after she thought what it would be used for. "I'm coming aboard," she heard. Not until then did Zelma's heart and courage fail her. She had braved a storm in a tiny motor boat, but the thought of an unknown man—perhaps an Englishman, she thought (that was the worst nationality she could think of) coming aboard made her quail. The anxiety for his safety made her forget her fears for the time. No Englishman would ever do a brave thing like that," she said aloud. "Why, isn't it still; and the rain has stopped. I believe the storm is over," she went on.

"Well, I'll be blamed, who's fool enough to come out on a stormy sea in a small motor-boat?" were his first

words.

"Surely he's an American," she thought and answered, "I am."

"A woman!" He stood still for a moment.

"Well," she said a trifle crossly.

"Oh, but who in the name of common sense—"

"Don't bandy words with me! Is your boat sinking or —sunk—or—"

"Neither, and at the present is resting easily," he said provokingly.

"It seems to me—" her voice broke.

"Forgive me. I'm a brute. You must be cold and I

must tell them all's well," he repented.

He did so and then returning, "Tell me all about it." The rain had ceased and sitting in a corner free from wind wrapped in his coat she told her story from beginning to end. He commended her on her bravery although the boat was now in safety and she had not helped. He told her she was just as brave as if she could have done some good. He pulled out his watch saying, "It's two o'clock, now, and you're wet and haven't had a bite to eat. I'm going to take charge, now. I'm going to the ship, then I'll return."

"Going back to the ship," she repeated feeling vaguely alone.

"I must, little girl, I won't be gone long," and he was gone.

It was some time before she thought to ask herself what right a strange man had to call her "little girl" when she was a grown woman and not little at all and to "take charge" without asking permission. She was still wondering when she was awakened.

"What, asleep? No wonder, poor girl. The men are going to stay with the ship. She'll be all right till morning in this quiet sea. I'm going to take you home. No, sit stil!, I'll steer." And with that he left her.

"And I never even thanked him for the wraps," she thought as she sank back contentedly in them. She was wet and not comfortable but she was too tired to care. Just as she was dropping to sleep she remembered that she hadn't sent a wireless to Captain Sebrack but she decided he wouldn't know it. And then she went to sleep. When she awoke she was in someone's arms and was being carried somewhere. She sighed and opened her eyes to see a light

from a house and to hear a loud "Halloa." She almost screamed.

"Let me down quick," she cried, as she recognized the wireless station house and thought how it would look for a brave girl-for hadn't he called her brave-to be carried home. He obeyed just as Captain Sebrack appeared.

"Well, Captain," she said, "I did make it and the boat

isn't lost."

"Waal, waal, I'm s'prised, and you're just a mite of a

girl, too," he answered slowly.

Zelma straightened up to her full height and started to speak—but she glanced at the stranger and when she saw his amusement she refrained from speech. She took a second glance why she hadn't look at him before.

"Are you Max Edwin?" she said abruptly.

"I am and you are Zelma Acker. I knew you the moment you spoke out there on the boat," he answered. Zelma decided not to ask him why he hadn't said so before and then turned to Captain Sebrack and asked him the time.

"It's four o'clock and well-nigh light. You might as well stay by the fire until morning," he answered and

left them alone.

"Yes we will," said Max Edwin to Zelma. "Then we'll

see about the light and about my ship."

He sat looking anxiously into the fire. Neither spoke until Zelma thought the silence was "awful." At last he spoke.

"Five years ago, we were in school, weren't we? You were a wee little Freshman and I was a Post Graduate. You played basketball and nearly flunked descriptive Geometry. You were a little spit-fire those days. I teased you about it and you never forgave me," he smiled; "a little later you told me that you would never marry a man who hadn't made a name for himself—you knew I had an allowance of one hundred a month. Since then I've made a name for myself. My! I'm hungry. I wonder if there's

nothing to eat besides cold biscuits—some coffee or something?" As he went rummaging she thought once more of the young boyish fellow she sent away and wondered at the change in him. She was glad that he had stopped when he did in his musings and hadn't expected her to talk. He found the coffee pot and a sack of coffee and they made the coffee together.

In the meantime Captain Ludwig was pacing the floor of the lighthouse, wondering what had happened and where Zellie could be. Just as he walked across the floor the thirteenth time, he went to the window and saw two horsemen coming along the beach at a slow pace. As he rushed to the door he stumbled on something which turned out to be a hammer. He couldn't imagine what Zellie had used it for but threw it down and went below.

"Hello, Captain Ludwig, don't scold. I meant to get home earlier. This is a friend of mine, Max Edwin. I will explain later. Have you had breakfast? No? Well,

I'll get some. How is Hazel?"

"Hazel is better and I'm glad you're safe. I've been worried," he answered.

"I'm sorry," she said as she flew to the kitchen.

When they entered, Zelma had breakfast nearly ready.

"Zelma, Edwin has told me all; what I can't see is what happened to the light. You have acted worthily of your father," he assured her and Zelma was satisfied. She knew this to be a great deal of praise from Captain Ludwig.

"Let's see the light," suggested Max.

"Come back soon. Breakfast is almost ready," Zelma called after them.

Max Edwin examined everything closely. At last he spied the huge hammer that Captain Ludwig had stumbled over. "J. Hudson," he read aloud. "Well, I think I have the right clue. Captain! I'll explain at breakfast."

Zelma noticed that Max's face was rather pale but made no remark. After a while Captain Ludwig suggested that he commence.

"Jim Hudson is my only living relative besides my father. He is my father's second wife's son by her first marriage making him my step-brother. I have seen him but twice. He has always stayed in South Africa. My father is a millionaire. Jim had no love for me and once before tried to do away with me. If I were out of the way he'd inherit the property. He came to America in September. He knew I was in Canada for I wrote him when he suggested coming to see me. I wrote to him that I would land at the San Guila Bay in December. You can put the rest together. The hammer gave him away. I'll let him know that I know who broke the light and I think he'll leave America, for he has no liking for the bars. I'll pay for a new light so you'll be out nothing," he said slowly. "I must be going. I can hire a boat at the station and see what I can do for my ship," he said looking at Zelma.

"I'll take you down, for I must go and get a light, anyway," said Captain Ludwig and went out to see his horses.

"How long are you going to stay here?" He asked. "Until Hazel gets well enough to come home," she answered.

"Zelma, have you regretted enough to allow me to call on you at home? I won't ask for more, now," he said, as he seized her hands.

"My father and I will be very glad to see you. You know the old address." She drew away.

"Zelma."

"Well—I'll be glad to see you and I have regretted—at times," she answered the appeal.

"Thank you. There, he is ready. Good-bye." "Good-bye," she answered. He left her.

"Max! Max!" she called, running down the path.

"Yes," eagerly.

"I'll come home as soon as I possibly can," she said in a low voice.

"Are you ready, Edwin?"

"Yes, I'm coming. Good-bye, Zelma."

"Good-bye."

The Seasons

Autumn is the time of year When nature's sear and brown; The winds are cold, the trees are bare, And brown leaves cover the ground.

Winter with it's snow and ice Is a jolly time of year. With skates and sleds, we'll have some fun; Winter, we're glad you're here! The Spring arrives with its singing birds, It's flowers and bright sunshine, Then everyone is in spirits high, Oh, Spring is a joyful time!

Next, Summer comes with its long hot days, But with its evenings cool. This is the very best time of year, Because—there is no school.

An Experience With A Tramp

EFFIE RABURN, '15.

Jimmie Currans felt quite elated over the good fortune which had just befallen him and his happy, smiling face portrayed him and his feelings to a "T".

The cause of his elation was this. He had just received a telegram summoning him to be the "best man" at the wedding of one of his best friends in the city the next day, and this not only meant a day of pleasure but also a rest from the dreary monotony of office work.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed to himself, with the telegram still in his hand, "This is luck, all right, and believe me, I'll be on hand there tomorrow or I'll know the reason why!"

"Let me see, I can take the 10:40 train and get there about 12:00, then I'll have all afternoon to explore the city," and thus thinking, Jimmie retired to his room to make preparations.

* * *

Just exactly five minutes after twelve, Jimmie stepped from the train, still wearing the smile, and with his suit case and other burdens, took a cab to the hotel where he always stayed when in the city.

After he had registered, Jimmie, still wearing the smile, started out to pass the day until time to get ready for the wedding.

"I know what I'll do!" he said to himself, "I'll take a run out to the suburbs and see what they look like. I have never been out there."

Suiting his action to his words, he soon alighted at a beautiful spot seemingly in the country, and after walk-

ing until he was tired, lay down by a great tree to wait for the car.

Almost before he knew it, he was asleep and lost in blissful dreams of telegrams, etc.

How long he slept, he never knew, but when he did wake up, his astonishment was boundless, and he wondered if he was he, for instead of his own immaculate suit he had started out in, he was now wearing a ragged, dirty old suit and an old rusty derby hat, several sizes too large for him which hung rakishly over his eyes.

"Well, of all the confounded scrapes, what on the earth have I got into now?" he inquired of the landscape; and, not receiving any answer, he sat down to think it over. His befuddled brain finally grasped the fact that someone had changed clothes with him and was, even at that moment, far away from him, in his clothes, while he was divinely enjoying the pleasure and privilege of someone else's

Now Jimmie was a good optimist so he smiled, and, going through the pockets, discovered five cents and a piece of rank tobacco.

"Enough for carfare, at any rate," he announced to the landscape, "and that will do until I get back to the hotel."

Soon came the car and Jimmie boarded it, much to the amusement of the passengers, who could hardly restrain their laughter at the ludicrous appearance Jimmie presented. Jimmie smiled—but said nothing.

Finally he reached the hotel and walked with what dignity he could command into the lobby, and was just

starting up the stairway to his room when he was stopped by the smiling bellboy, who informed him that he was in the wrong pew.

"I guess not, my boy." said Jimmie, "my name is Jimmie Currans, I have been registered and am now

on my way to my room.

It was the bell boy's turn to be astonished. "Beg pardon, sir," he gasped, "but I just took Jimmie Currans to his room and I think you had better vamo's because nothing like that goes here."

By that time quite a crowd had collected to see what the strange individual intended doing, and before Jimmie could say another word, he was gently but firmly assisted outside and the door closed in his face. Jimmy ceased

to smile.

He saw there was no use arguing farther, for he saw in a twinkling what had occurred. The tramp, for such he was, after having exchanged clothes had evidently searched through the pockets, found where Jimmie was staying and had posed as Jimmie, very successfully.

Jimmie knew that the only thing to do now was to adjourn to the bridegroom's home and get help from him,

so he started—without the smile.

At last he arrived and was met at the front door by a frowning maid, who informed him that "tramps usually go to the back door."

He could not induce her to believe otherwise and was just about to give up in despair when who should come up the walk but the bridegroom, himself, and Jimmie smiled once more."

The bridegroom appreciated the humor of the situation and soon both men were laughing heartily at the joke.

Laughing all the way back, the bridegroom went to the hotel with Jimmie, and identified him as the real Jimmie Currans.

Just as they had settled that point, they saw a man, apparently Jimmie's double from the back view, hurrying down the street, and both men laughed; but Jimmie was so pleased to be J. Currans again that he decided to let the culprit go and keep the clothes. Was he not real generous?

That night Jimmie made an excellent best man and his smile charmed the gaze of all.



The Wreck of the Mary Ann

JEANNETTE BLOWERS, '13.

It was a dark and stormy night,
And we were far from land.
Hardly a ship braved the seas that night,
Not one save the "Mary Ann."

The wild winds blew and the rain fell fast,
And the waves were rolling high.
Our good ship tossed from side to side,
Or was in the air, tossed high.

Many a stormy sea had she braved, But never a sea like this. We knew she could never weather it, When we heard the breakers hiss.

So each man worked with might and main, To save the ship he loved; And each one, as he labored there, Prayed to the Father above.

Our earnest prayers were all in vain, For our ship was doomed to go, And we gathered below in the cabin To learn what we should do. And as we stood there waiting,
The captain hurried in:
"Our ship has sprung a leak, boys,
And the water is rushing in!

"Each man of you to your post!" he cried,
"Try to keep her from going down.
Be sure to watch for the lighthouse
Or she may run aground."

So we all worked on till morning,
When another ship came in sight,
And we sent up flaming signals
That they might know our plight.

Although the wind was now calmer,
And the waves had ceased to toss,
The good old ship had sprung a leak,
And we knew that it was lost.

It was a little past daybreak
When the ship came to our aid,
And we were all taken on board
Of a ship called "The Plucky Maid."

And just as the last man boarded
The ship for our home-land bound,
We turned around for a farewell look,
When the "Mary Ann" went down.

The Winning of the Princess

JEANNETTE BLOWERS, '13

"Prince Ananias Kuppenheimer," announced the maid to Mr. Rubenstein and his wife as they sat in the drawing room of their magnificent home in New York. It was an hour after dinner and they were spending a few quiet hours together, as was their custom before bedtime.

"I wonder who that can be," inquired Mrs. Rubenstein.

"Do you know him, dear?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that this Prince came to my office today and introduced himself to me saying that he was well acquainted with your Uncle Krupp's family in Germany. He said he would come around sometime but I did not expect to see him so soon. Please bring him in, Hannah."

Abraham Rubenstein was a rich Jewish merchant in New York. He had but one child, a beautiful daughter, known to all who were acquainted with her as "Princess Rachel." She was not really a princess, although it was said she had descended from King David, but from her beauty and her bearing, she was always spoken of as the "Princess."

Her mother was quite aristocratic and anxious that her daughter should marry some rich or titled man. She did not realize how few of these men amount to anything.

So when the Prince was announced, she was very glad and wanted to make as favorable an impression as possible so that he would come back and might then meet Rachel.

"Prince Kuppenheimer, allow me to present you to my wife. We are very glad to have you call on us while in the city. I am sorry that my daughter could not be here. I would like to have you meet her also."

A pleasant hour was spent talking of mutual acquaintances in Germany and of topics of interest at that time. At the end of the hour, the Prince departed, promising to call again soon.

"He's just the man for our Rachel, dear," said Mrs. Rubenstein, "And I do hope she will like him. She's been

so hard to suit."

Mr. Rubenstein said nothing to this. He was used to it. It was the same thing with all the rich or titled men she met. He always waited to see how they turned out

before making known his opinion of them.

While her father and mother were entertaining the Prince at their home, Rachel was at a dance at Yale college. She was visiting a girl friend near there and had become acquainted with several of the college boys. When they arranged for their dance the Princess was among those invited. All of Rachel's friends were impressed by her unique beauty and their attentions made her quite a belle. She did not try to be coy and frivolous to make them like her, but was her own self, winning more friends than she could in any other way.

Early in the evening, Rachel met a young Jew, David Kramer, who was attending college here. He was not what people call rich but still he had enough money to put himself through college and start in a good business. She seemed to be drawn to him for some reason unknown. He was not strikingly handsome nor a wonderful dancer, but, like herself, he did not "put on" to make her or anyone else like him. She had several dances with him and then

invited him to her home.

Rachel saw her friend several times before she returned to New York and when she did leave, it was with the knowledge that she would see him again at her own home in two or three weeks.

As soon as she reached home, Mrs. Rubenstein told her of Prince Kuppenheimer's visit and of what a fine man he was. She told her that he was to call that evening that he might meet her. Rachel did not seem overjoyed over the prospect of a visitor that night, for she was somewhat tired after her own visit and would rather have rested. But to please her mother, she would receive him.

At this time, Rachel said nothing to her mother about meeting David Kramer. She knew what she would say about him and she didn't want this man of all others to be insulted by any one especially by her own mother. So she kept her own counsel for the time being but determined to tell her fathr all about him as soon as possible.

Right after dinner, Rachel went to her own room and dressed for company. She did not try to dress elaborately, for she did not care whether the Prince liked her or not, but put on a simple white dress. Although she did not realize it, she looked even more lovely than usual that night. Thinking that it was still early, she sat down and was lost in thoughts of her visit, the dance at Yale, David Kramer, and his promised visit when she was suddenly brought back to earth by a rap on her door. Her mother had sent the maid up to tell her that the Prince was waiting for her. With a fleeting glance in the mirror, she ran lightly down the steps and walked serenely on to the drawing room, where she was met by her mother.

"Rachel, this is Prince Kuppenheimer. My daughter, Prince." The Prince raised Rachel's hand to his lips in acknowledgment of the introduction, an act which Rachel greatly disliked but which she had gotten somewhat used to. Then they all went to the other end of the room where her father was sitting. The Prince was quite anxious

to make a favorable impression upon the "Princess" so he exerted himself to talk and act his best. He persuaded the "Princess" to play and sing and was enraptured by her sweet voice and soft touch.

After he left, about ten o'clock, Mrs. Rubenstein asked Rachel how she liked him.

"Oh, I guess he'll do very well for those who like his kind. He seemed very nice tonight. He asked me when he left if he might not come out a week from tonight and take me to the theater. I told him he might, not because I was over-anxious to go, but because I didn't have any decent excuse. You don't mind my going do you, Mother?"

"Of course not, dear. You know I never object to your engagements. I'm glad you think as much of him as you do. For my part, I think he is a fine young man. You ought to feel proud to have a Prince, think of it, a real Prince, coming to call on you and taking you places."

"I suppose I had, but I don't really think that I am. How do you like the Prince, Father?" she inquired, turning to that gentleman as he sat in a big chair by the table.

"He seems all right. He bore himself well tonight. Time will tell."

During the following week, Rachel received a letter from David saying that he would be in New York in two weeks and would at that time accept her invitation to call Rachel was so happy over this letter that she almost forgot about the Prince. When she did think of him, it was with a feeling of regret that she had promised to go to the theater with him. She knew that he would want her to go again and she didn't want to go, but still, for her mother's sake, hated to refuse him.

The first time she found her father alone in his den, she asked him for an interview, which he gladly granted. Sitting on the arm of his chair, she told him all about the dance at Yale and about young Kramer. She told him that

he was coming out to the house in about two weeks and that she liked him much better than the Prince.

In reality her father was glad that Rachel was not especially fond of the Prince for he did not want her to marry for title or money. But he knew what his wife thought about this matter and didn't care to act contrary to her wishes. So although Rachel thought her father would agree with her as usual, he told her that she had better not see too much of this man Kramer but be satisfied for the present with her mother's choice. All of her arguments seemed to have no effect upon her father and she went to her own room very much down-hearted and very determined that she would not marry the Prince, no matter what happened.

The night for the theater arrived and along with it came the Prince. Rachel was as pleasant all during the evening as one could be, although she gave him no encouragement. But the Prince needed no encouragement now. He had seen that her parents were well-to-do and that Rachel, as the only child, would be the heiress to their fortune. This was all he wanted. Although this was ever on his mind, he was extremely careful not to let anything

that would betray his plans escape his lips.

At the end of the evening, he asked if he might come out again. To please her mother, she told him he might but was careful to see that he did not come the night David Kramer was to be there.

She hadn't yet told her mother of her acquaintance with David Kramer and his coming visit but she knew that she must do it soon. So without waiting any longer, about the second day, Saturday, after the night that she had gone to the theater with the Prince, she went to her mother's bedroom where she found her lying on the couch reading a book.

"May I come in and talk awhile, Mother?" Rachel asked as she opened the door in answer to her mother's in-

vitation to come in.

She drew up a footstool beside her mother's couch and.

seating herself upon it, began to talk.

"I haven't had much chance to tell you of my visit with Grace. I had such a nice time. She took me everywhere and to everything. They had the nicest informal gatherings."

"I'm very glad you had such a good time, dear. I think the outing did you good. You look much better."

"I feel better too. I knew I'd have a good time with Grace. The boys at Yale gave a dance one night. I had met several of the college boys so they were kind enough to invite me along with Grace. I certainly had a good time that night. I met so many people. Among them was a young man by the name of Mr. Kramer. By the way, Mother, he's coming to New York next week and I asked him to come out to the house on Friday night. You don't mind do you?"

A cloud settled on her mother's face. She did not want Rachel to pay attention to any other young man for she wanted to make a match between her and the Prince. But she wisely held her peace before her daughter.

"Are you sure he is the right kind of a young man for you to be friendly with? It's all right, of course, if he

is a good fellow."

Rachel knew from the expression on her mother's face that she did not like it very well but she was determined to win.

It seemed to Rachel that Friday night would never come. She carried out her other social duties as if in a dream. On Thursday night the Prince was there but she thought more of the next night than of the Prince, although she was extremely nice to him.

David Kramer went out to the Rubenstein residence about half-past eight Friday night. He found Rachel waiting for him in the drawing room. Her mother and father were still in the other parts of the house.

"I am so glad to see you, Miss Rubenstein," he said as he shook hands with her and she knew by the look on his face that he meant what he said.

"I'm glad you were able to come," she answered.

When her parents came in a few minutes later, she introduced her friend to them. His hearty handshake won Mr. Rubenstein's respect at once and his manly way with Mrs. Rubenstein made her think that he might turn out to be a nice young man after all. He was a jolly young man and the evening was spent in singing and college talk.

He came several times more before he went back to college. But each time, Rachel arranged matters so that David would not come when the Prince was there.

The Prince called more frequently as time went by. Mrs. Rubenstein liked him better all the time and her husband had begun to think quite favorably of him. But Rachel tonight thought no more of him than at first. If anything, she thought less of him.

One night, about three months after David Kramer went back to college, the Prince was with Rachel at her home. He had not been there more than half an hour when the maid brought a familiar looking card to Rachel. With shaking hand she picked it up and looked at it a moment. Then, calming her voice, she told the maid to bring him in. She knew that the time had come which she had been dreading so long.

"Prince Kuppenheimer, meet Mr. Kramer of Yale,"

she said, her voice rather unsteady.

David looked straight into the eyes of the Prince, who quickly turned away, and then offered his hand, speaking a few words in acknowledgment of the introduction. The Prince did not stay much longer. He seemed very nervous around David for some reason and soon made an excuse to leave. As was the custom, Mr. and Mrs. Rubenstein had

left the young people to themselves before David had arrived. After the Prince left, the two were alone.

"Who did you say that was, Miss Rubenstein?" he asked.

"He gives his name as Prince Kuppenheimer. He seems very nice. I met him several months ago and mother has taken quite a fancy to him. He has been here quite often. How do you happen to be in the city?" She wanted to change the subject from the Prince as soon as possible.

"I have finished my course at Yale and have come here to establish a business. I just arrived today and wanted to surprise you. But I'm afraid I have made a mess of it, I'm awfully sorry I spoiled your evening. I wouldn't have done it for anything if I had known. I suppose I should have written that I was coming but I did so want to surprise you. Will you forgive me this time?"

"Certainly I will forgive you. I'm very glad you came. You did surprise me, indeed. I'm glad that you will be in the city all of the time now."

When he left, it was nearly half-past ten. He was to come again the last of the week to take Rachel to the theater. He was a very happy young man, for he had grown fond of Rachel and she was giving him a good deal of encouragement.

But he was doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Rubenstein was determined that Rachel should marry the Prince. Her husband was not especially anxious to have his daughter marry for a title, but he had come to think a good deal of Prince Kuppenheimer. Through Mrs. Rubenstein's influence, the latter came very often to the house. She gave entertainments in his honor and, in a round about way, let it be known that he was to be the husband of her daughter, Rachel did not like this and when anything was said to her about it she denied the truth of it.

But Mrs. Rubenstein encouraged the Prince so that he was coming almost every night and that left no time for David to call. But the latter knew that he had Rachel on his side and that was all that was really necessary. His business was doing well and his income already large, so he determined that he would go in a few weeks and ask Mr. Rubenstein's permission to marry his daughter.

One night he made arrangements to take Rachel to the theater. When he got to her home, he found the Prince there. It was not the first time that this had happened, and on former times he had canceled the other engagement and stayed at the house a little while. He determined not to be cheated out of this evening's happiness so he said to Rachel.

"Are you ready to go?"

She looked rather uneasily at her mother and at the Prince then steadying her voice she said that she would be ready in a moment. When she came back with her wraps on, she told her mother that she was going with David to the theater. Then turning to the Prince, she said she was sorry but she had an engagement that would take her away from the house.

That night the Prince asked Mr. Rubenstein if he might marry his daughter, and gained permission. As he left the house he said to himself, "Aha, David Kramer, I have beaten you this time. You thought you could win her and her money, but you're altogether too slow."

On the way home from the theater, David told Rachel of his great love for her and asked her to become his wife. She told him that she loved him but that her mother had set her heart on her marrying the Prince and she would have to try to make her mother see her side of the matter before she could give any promise.

"But I promise you this, David," she said, "I will never marry the Prince. I don't think he loves me at all.

although he says he does. All he wants is the money I will inherit when father dies. But he won't get it through me.

After he left Rachel, David went immediately to the Vienna restaurant where he had arranged to meet a friend, and instead of staying there to talk, they started to walk to their hotel. This friend already knew of David's love for Rachel.

"Tom," David said, after telling him of his troubles. "that Prince Kuppenheimer, as he calls himself, is no more a prince than I am. I tell you he's a villain. I've watched him some and have come to that conclusion. He stays at a cheap boarding house in Stuyvesant Place. I have watched him go there several times. All he wants is Mr. Rubenstein's money. Rachel told me that she positively would not marry him under any circumstance. There he goes now. See him? He's dodging along in the shadows. What in the world is he doing that for?"

"What has he under his arms? He seems to be holding it very carefully. Wonder where he's going?" Tom said. "Let's follow him, David. He looks rather villainous and he may be going to do himself or someone else some harm."

So they followed him, keeping well behind and in the shadows. They went up one street and down the next. Where they were going they did not know until they caught sight of the river. Then they came to the conclusion that the Prince was going to throw himself into the water. But what was he going to do with the bundle?

Hiding behind some trees, they watched him step down to the edge of the river. He stopped and looked all around to see if anyone was looking and then raised the bundle above his head and was about to throw it into the water when someone grabbed and pulled him away from the bank. Someone else tried to take the bundle away from him, but he hung on. They struggled in silence for a few seconds when the stranger got the best of him.

David's friend held the Prince while David breathlessly opened the bundle. He expected to find the clew to some tragedy but when he pulled the last of the wrappings off, he found a kit of cobbler tools. The Prince was not a Prince but a mere cobbler. David and his friend burst into roars of laughter. With a little difficulty, they found from the so-called Prince that his name was Ananias Straub, a cobbler doing fairly good business. He had heard that Mr. Rubbenstein was rich and he decided that this would be a good way to get some money.

The young men wanted the fun of making him own up to Rachel and her parents and fearing that if they let him go they would never see him again, they took him and his kit of tools to their hotel and David kept him in his room with him.

About nine o'clock the next morning, David got Rachel over the telephone and told her that he had some news for her. He asked her to have her father be sure to

remain at home until he would get out there.

Taking Straub and the kit of tools with him, he called a cab and hastened to Mr. Rubenstein's residence. Straub looked very much crestfallen and as if something terrible had happened. He begged David not to take him there but David was persistent and he almost dragged him into the house.

Rachel and her mother and father were all in the sitting room waiting. When they saw David enter with their Prince and a kit of cobblers tools, they were very much surprised.

"Now tell them all about it," David said to Straub, a smile on his face.

With his eyes on the floor and his arms hanging loosely at his side, he told them who he was and what he had done.

Mrs. Rubenstein was so shocked that she nearly fainted. Her husband helped her to her bedroom where she lay down to recover from her shock. He comforted her and told her that he was glad they had found out about the fellow before things had gone any farther. Then he hurried down stairs and sent Straub from the house in a hurry. David, laughingly, paid the cabman that Straub might ride back to his place of business.

When he went back into the house, David found Rachel waiting for him alone in the sitting room. He held out his arms to her and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"Is it all right now darling?" he whispered. "Is there

any thing that stands in the way?"

"Oh, David, I'm so thankful that you found him out. I knew there was something wrong, but I had no way to prove it. No, dear, nothing stands in the way. I'm sure mother will now give her consent," she answered.

He pressed a kiss upon her lips and then, with his arm around her, led her to her father's den where he told him of their love for one another and asked his permission to marry her.

With his hand on the young man's shoulder Mr. Rubenstein said, "David, you have saved us all from disgrace. You have given me satisfactory proof of your love for us and for Rachel. I gladly give you my daughter. God bless you both."



Spring

Oh, Spring! Oh, Spring!
We're glad you're here,
Of all the seasons,
You're the best in the year.

The birds, your messengers,
Tell us joy is nigh,
The flowers, your companions,
Keep our spirits high.

You bring the blooming trees;
The grass springs up to meet you;
The little brooks begin to sing;
All nature sings to greet you.

So joyous Spring, you're here to stay, No more of snow nor ice, With all your birds and flowers and trees You change the world to Paradise.







RETTA HONEYCUTT

W. J. ISAKSON

MARIE BROWN

EVERETT HONEYCUTT



BESSIE SMITH TRUMAN WOOD NELLIE SECARA LENA NORTHERN HELEN WHITING LESLIE CONLEY EFFIE RABURN



The Purple and White published annually by the Students' Association of the Madera Union High School of Madera, California.

Editor-in-Chief	Retta Honeycutt, '13
Assistant Editor	Marie Brown, '14
Athletic Editor	. Trueman Wood, '13
Exchange Editor	Elizabeth Smith, '13
Josh Editor	Leslie Conley, '13

Class Editors—

CHOS Editors
Senior Nellie Secara, '13
Junior Helen Whiting, '14
Sophomore Effice Raburn, '15
Freshmen Lena Northern, '16
Business Manager Will Isakson, '13
Assistant Business Manager Everett Honeycutt, '14

Father Time has once again taken another year from Madera High School and once again the students take pleasure in presenting to the public the annual paper for criticism or praise.

For the last few weeks mysterious papers and drawings have been in the hands of the committees and these committees were seen busily at work, but this had a pur-

pose (for a Madera High School pupil always has a purpose in view) and this annual is the result of the work. Everyone on the staff has worked hard to produce a good paper and the staff wants to thank the students and teachers who have so willingly aided us by criticising and contributing to the paper.

PROGRESS

Our High School is advancing. This year sewing was introduced into the High School. It has been a splendid success. Even the Freshmen have the privilege of taking it and it has done a great deal to arouse interest and school spirit. The apparatus in both Chemical and Physical laboratories has been increased and both sciences are made very interesting.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is a subject that should never be forgotten. Our principal has given us talks at different times during the year on School Spirit and he thinks it is what makes High School life interesting.

One thing that has aroused school spirit is the fifteen minutes of singing each afternoon that our principal has given to us. A great deal of school spirit was shown in the interclass games, especially in Tennis. School spirit so stirred up the students that fire crackers and little tin horns were used for rooting and a person would have thought that the students thought it was a New Year's celebration or the Fourth of July.

BOOST! BOOST!

Boost for manual training and cooking. Every high school in the valley of any size has these two subjects and finds them a great success. Madera High School needs them and there is no reason why we should not have them.

Boost for an athletic field for the high school. Athletics is one part, and not a small part, of high school life, and Madera High needs a field for that purpose.

In last year's paper the question was asked, "Can Madera High support a semi-annual paper." This year it was thought better not to undertake it but we leave the question open for next year's students.

This high school year has been very interesting to us. We have three new teachers and some of the Freshmen have been very loval and full of spirit.

The Editor this year has found editing this paper a very enjoyable task because of the kindness of all the students and teachers in assisting, and wishes for next year's editor the same loyal support.

THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

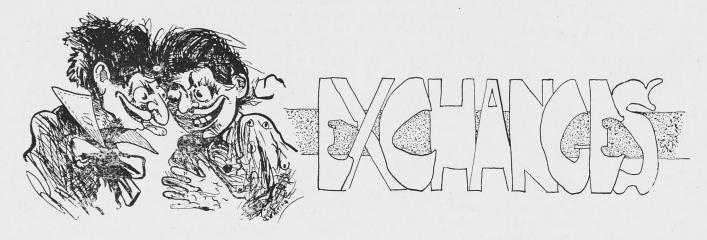
On Sept. 5, 1912, the first student body meeting of the term was held. The following officers who had been elected

at the end of the previous term presided: President, Henry McFadden; Vice President, Estella Moore; Secretary, Margaretha Wehrmann; Treasurer, Trueman Wood.

For the last half of the term beginning Feb. 2, 1913, the following officers were elected: President, Leslie Conley; Vice President, Linton Mantonya; Secretary, Lucia Whiting; Treasurer, Charley Moore.

The Student Association has witnessed a year of success financially. Interest in the meetings has been greater than ever before and has kept up without lessening throughout the year. The association has been enlarged this year by a large Freshman class and an additional member of the faculty. The Freshmen and Sophomores, who have in the past not taken as much interest in voting on difficult questions as the upper class men, have shown a great amount of interest throughout this year. At the election for the last half of the term the Sophomores succeeded in electing one of their class mates for treasurer.

The constitution, the symbol of power in the Student Association, has gone through the year without a change. So well does it define its work that not one amendment has been proposed during the year. We feel justly proud of our constitution. Several schools have sought a copy from us owing to its high standard in making student control a success. Student control of activities has been practiced in our school for the past four years successfully needing only slight supervision by the faculty. This is due to our admirable constitution, which has brought about harmony between faculty and students.



O, wad some power the giftie gie' us,
To see our sel's as others see us.
It wad fra mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion.

"Spider," Gridley Hi: Your paper is well gotten up, and your drawings are especially good. However, the general tone of your paper is rather frivolous.

"Tokay," Lodi Hi: Fine paper, with good standards. Always welcome, always good.

"Modrono," Palo Alto, June, 1912: Very attractive cover. Poor arrangement of Joshes. October number much better.

"Alhambra Hi": Your literary department is very good. Just one suggestion. Keep joshes and ads separate.

"Echo," Ceres: Congratulations on your neat little paper. Literary department will probably improve in time.

"Sycamore," Modesto: Attractive cover; well gotten up paper. Needs more original joshes.

"El Solano," Santa Paula: Excellent paper. We are proud to have you on our exchange list. Come again!

"Siskiyou Nuggett," Etna: Very good cuts. An interesting little paper.

"Trident," Santa Cruz: Excellent literary department. Few more cuts would do no harm. Would they?

"Tahoma," Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 1912. Very good in every department. Hard to beat.

"Owl," Fresno: Interesting paper in all departments. Excellent josh column.

"Quill," Marion, Iowa: Neat paper, but your arrangement might be improved upon.

"Gondolier," Venice, Dec., 1912: Josh column is good. But where are your cuts and stories?

"Echo," Savanah: Why spoil your paper by placing ads in front? Add more joshes and stories.

"Caerulea," Long Beach: Good literary department. "Silver Spurs" very good story. Cuts are lacking, however.

"Napanee," Napa, Dec., 1912: Neat little paper. Arrangement good! The "Spotted Handkerchief" and a "Shirt Tale" are both very good stories.

"Courier," Boise, Idaho, Dec., 1912: Good literary department, but minus cuts. Joshes very good. "An Oasis in the Desert" is well written.

Other good papers on our exchange list are: "Far Darter," St. Helena: "Booster," Primghar, Iowa; "Racquet," Portland, Ore.; "Oreole," Baltimore City College; "Ypsi Sem," Ypsilanti, Mich; and the "World," St. Paul, Minn.





Commercial Notes

Sept. 4. Back into harness again. Some gone, some added, nevertheless, a jolly bunch.

Sept. 5. A few little, green scrubs wandered in here to take typing, but didn't last long. Couldn't make their fingers work. Their brains weren't quite mature enough for bookkeeping, so they didn't take that.

Oct. 1. Strange noises from commercial room. Evidently a rough house. (Nothing new.)

Oct. 15. Fun watching amateur typists. Strike the keys like they were sounding a great "Amen."

Oct. 30. Miss Reeve doesn't allow swearing in here. Isabel knows that now. Miss Reeve, "You may take the

next fifty words." Isabel, "'Gee Whiz,' Miss Reeve, we can't learn all that!" Miss Reeve, "Well, you needn't swear about it."

Nov. 15. Myrtle caught sitting on floor holding desperately on to the typewriter. (Wonder who pulled Myrt's chair away).

Dec. 10. Lucille Ring and Leesyl Trine caught tete-a-tete on window sill. Miss Reeve to Lucille, "You aren't very busy, are you, Lucille." Lucille, "I—I—I was just sharpening my pencil." (tee-hee).

Dec. 20. Hurray! Hurray! Vacation is here. We cover our typewriters sadly. We put up our books very badly. We welcomed vacation gladly.

Jan. 6. Back again! Oh, horrors! Six scrubs taking typewriting. All we hear is "Click, click, tic, tac, tic!" Poor scrubs, they had a lesson in cleaning machines. We are glad, because we don't have to clean them any more. They might as well. They don't object. Think it's their job.

Feb. 10. Miss Reeve in English II.—"Myrtle, please go up and tell that man in the commercial room not to make so much noise walking around." Myrtle, a few minutes later, "Miss Reeve, that man was Professor Burrell." (Imagine Miss Reeve's face. Fahrenheit said 200 degrees above summer heat.)

Mar. 2. Majorie lost her balance (trial balance) in bookkeeping today and fell down.

Mar. 20. Leesyl Trine—wonder of the age—does two things at once—Whistles and typewrites at the same time. (Miss Reeve inquires if there's any canary that needs caging. Better look out, Lee.)

Apr. 1. Great excitement in Commercial class today. A Bengal tiger (cat) from Trine Jungle strayed upon the commercial desert. Valiant John Conley captured it, after a desperate struggle, and succeeded in caging it with a waste basket. P. S. Miss Reeve rescued the innocent

cat (youngest member of the Trine family). We think Miss R. deserves a Carnegie medal.

Apr. 10. Silently one by one,

The Comercial Arithmetic Class,

Dwindle down to none,

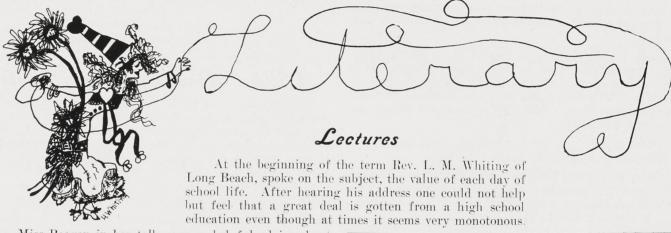
Save one brilliant lass. (Lucille Ring).

A Word About Our Departments

Typing—consists of six Remington typewriters, office desks for each. We have three classes, two of them taking first year, the other one advanced typing. Commercial correspondence, business letters, dictation, and commercial spelling are given. This year we have added an Underwood Duplicator to this department. The classes use it very proficiently. School songs, laboratory notes, "Purple and White" articles were all typewritten by the typing classes.

Bookkeeping.—This department comprises three long, covered, bookkeeping tables, with necessary compartments, one desk for banking, pigeon-hole cabinet. The real business forms are used, and we have a large and interesting class. In connection with bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic is taught.





Miss Reagan in her talk gave us helpful advice about using the library. I'm sure that all the students appreciate her kindness in explaining the different departments to us. All the students and especially history classes, are greatly benefited by the books from the library.

Mr. Thomas Hannay, Field Secretary of the Christian Endeavor, gave a very profitable address, especially for the boys. He explained to us how smoking affects the student, not only dulling the brain, but very frequently barring him from the althletic field.

On the evening of January twenty-fourth, Mr. Normon lectured to the students and to the public on Yosemite valley and Yellowstone park. His lecture was very mstructive and gave us a wider knowledge of nature's beauties.

Dr. Fields, President of the University of Redlands, addressed the students in the Assembly hall. He pointed

out the great strides of advancement the University of Redlands was making in many lines.

One of the most interesting talks given was by Dr. Fix, a missionary to China. He had many specimens illustrating the life of Chinese women, and how the women are treated in China. But he also told of the rapid progress China is making.

Dr. Burch urged upon the students the necessity of having an aim in life, the advantage of having some ideal and striving to reach it. He offered a prize of ten dollars to the one who could write the best essay on "Initiative." Some bright girl or boy ought to take advantage of Dr. Burch's kind offer.

Professor Wells, representing the University of California, visited our school and expressed himself as well

pleased with the healthy condition of the school and the work we were accomplishing.

Dr. Bentley of Stanford also visited the school this year and spoke to the assembled students. He dwelt mainly on the fact that the University of the future would give less time to college work and more to university work, leaving the earlier college work to be carried on by high school of longer term.

Plays

"THE DRESS REHEARSAL"

"The Dress Rehearsal," a comedy in one act, was presented at the high school auditorium, November eighth, nineteen hundred and twelve.

Preparations are being made for a dress rehearsal for private theatrical on one evening. Everything seems to go wrong, and among obstacles, some of the players are unable to come; so the telephone is used for the persons unable to come, to rehearse their parts.

Tom, the lover of the heroine, Nancy, appears without notice and hears the love scene carried on over the telephone. He immediately thinks his lover has betrayed him and will not listen for her explanation when she tries to explain. After a short time Tom calms down and forgives her.

The cast was as follows:

The cast was as romons.	
Tom Travers I	Henry McFadden
Nancy	Nellie Secara
Dick	Trueman Woods
Miss Cavendish (Nancy's Aunt)Marga	aretha Wehrmann
Agnes	Retta Honeycutt
Lucy (colored servant)	Ethel Hardell

"MR. BOB"

"Mr. Bob," a comedy in two acts, was given at the opera house, March twenty-eight, nineteen hundred thirteen.

Miss Beckey, a maiden lady, who is exceedingly fond of cats, wishes to devote a part of her home to them, and is expecting an architect to come with the plans.

Katherine, her niece, and Philip, Katherine's cousin, who devotes much time to yachting, are opposed to Aunt Beckey's schemes. Miss Beckey doesn't want them to know of Mr. Brown's, the architect, coming.

Katherine's friend, Marion, whom she has nicknamed 'Bob', is coming to make her a visit. Mr. Saunders, a friend of Philip, is also expected and when a lawyer whose name is also Brown, arrives, his identity becomes extremely mixed up.

Philip is going to take part in a yachting race much against Aunty Beckey's wishes, so they strike up a bargam by which Philip promises to give up the race and Aunt Beckey the cats.

Marion (Bob) whom Philip believes to be a man, decides that she will sail Philip's boat. She wins the race, and Philip is very much surprised to find out that Bob is a girl whom he had met last summer. He apologizes to Mr. Brown for mistaking him to be Mr. Bob.

Patty, a stage-struck maid, who annoys Aunt Beckey very much by her dancing, and Jenkins, the butler, add cleverness to the play. The cast was as follows:

Miss Beckey	Bessie Smith
Katherine (Aunt Beckey's niece)	. Helen Whiting
Philip (Aunt Beckey's nephew)	Henry McFadden
Mr. Brown	. Trueman Wood
Marion (Mr. "Bob")	Florence Belcher
Patty	Pauline Stahl
Jenkins	

SOCIET

Freshmen Reception

According to the custom of the High School, the Seniors gave the Freshmen a reception the first Friday after school started, which was September sixth.

As there were so many Freshmen, and the other pupils might mistake them for some upper class people, they had a big card, with their name on it, in letters large enough to be seen across the room, tied around their necks as soon as they entered. After they were tagged so there was no danger of mistaking them, the Seniors escorted them to the Assembly Hall, where a real grown-up program was given. The Seniors did their very best for the little ones, because they knew how little folks like to be treated like "grown-ups."

Then came the initiation. After the program, the President of the Senior class, Leslie Conley, announced that the freshmen had been treated enough like grown-ups for one evening, and all the Freshies were requested to meet in the chemistry laboratory, while the other classes gathered

in the seats next to the platform.

The Freshmen didn't like to be initiated, but finally they were all gathered together. Then Seniors escorted them, one at a time, to the stage, where they were made to kneel down in front of the Queen and King and ask, "What have I done?" The queen answered, "You have made a fool of yourself." Two Senior girls were near by to console the poor freshies by feeding peanuts and bread and milk to them. Of course it would never have done to let them feed themselves.

After nearly all had been initiated, the rest were brought in in a "chain gang," all tied together, and introduced by a Senior, a short biography of each one being given.

The Seniors escorted the Freshmen to the library.

where those who wished to, danced, and others going to the Commercial Room where games were played. Fortunetelling booths were established in the halls down-stairs, to tell the Freshmen how their future life in High School would be. These booths were presided over by Agnes Briscoe and Margaretha Wehrmann.

About ten o'clock the Freshmen were called into the Physics laboratory where they were fed cornucopias and cake. After that, the others ate, going in classes, the Senior class last.

The Seniors hurried about, finding coats and umbrellas for the Freshmen, for it was raining, and sent them home about eleven o'clock, the Freshmen declaring that they enjoyed the good time given them by the Seniors and intended to return it during the year.

The Annual Alumni Banquet

The Annual Alumni Banquet was held December 28, 1912, at the High School building. Special invitations were issued to the graduates of the school and there was the largest attendance at the banquet of any ever given by the students, the number exceeding the hundred mark.

On entering the building one beheld the rooms beautifully decorated in the Christmas colors, red and green.

At half past eight amusements consisting of dancing and games began. In the auditorium the seats had been removed, making the room ready for dancing. The commercial room, decorated in the same color scheme, was given over to games. These were enjoyed until half past ten when the summons to the banquet hall were given.

The banquet hall was an attractive sight. The tables were laden with an abundance which satisfied all. Seated at the tables were members of classes dating as far back as the class of '01.

After two hours of feasting, Mr. Marchbank, trustee, acted as toast master and called on Henry McFadden who, as president of the Student Association, welcomed the Alumni by recalling to their minds their happy high school days.

Among the other toasts proposed were: University of California, Stanford University, Redlands University, San Jose Normal, the different classes and Madera High.

Following the toasts, dancing and games were enjoyed until a late hour, when all departed, voting the students ideal hosts, for all the guests thought that this was one of the most enjoyable reunions ever held.

Many thanks are due Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cook, Mrs. Burrell and Mr. anl Mrs. Marchbank, who acted as patrons and patronesses.





M. H. S. Orchestra

An orchestra was started in October with Mr. J. Jewett at first directing, and later Prof. Ludders. The elected officers of this orchestra were, Paul Husted, president; Helen Whiting, treasurer. The orchestra was soon adjourned to meet after the athletic season as some of its members found the orchestra work too much to carry along with their studies and athletics. This orchestra was not in vain prepared and enthused the musicians to take up the work on a larger scale in April.

We are sorry that we have not made more of music this

year, but now, April eighteenth, prospects are in view for a fine orchestra which promises some excellent commencement music. The orchestra held its first practice on the evening of April eighth, at the residence of Prof. Whiting.

The members of the orchestra are: Helen Whiting, Kleiser Hollister, Delbert Secara, Ralph Briscoe, first violins; Helen Wilkinson, Agnes Briscoe, second violins; Miss Agar, first Gibson mandolin; Paul Husted, first cornet; Dorothy Whiting, second cornet; Leesyl Trine, trombone; Prof. Whiting, cello; Nellie Secara, piano; Prof. Ludders, director.

M. H. S. Slee Club

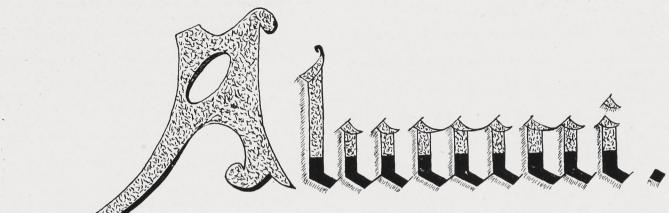
A glee club was started at the beginning of the first term under the proficient direction of Prof. Kahl. The club proved a great success and several favorable selections were rendered to the public. Some of our best singers found it necessary to be on the basket ball and tennis courts after school, so the glee club was abandoned. It was hoped that after the athletic season the club would form again, but as the season was unusually long this year it was thought best, on account of the shortness of time, not to start the club again.

We have enjoyed the daily singing period in the assembly hall under the leadership of Prof. Kahl, and hope that next year we will have a special music teacher and more time and attention paid to that subject.









1897.

George W. Mordecai practices law in San Francisco. Mrs. O'Meara Desmond makes Madera her home. Mrs. D. B. Wilson (Irene Slaten) resides in Madera. James O'Meara is in Oregon.

Merle Rush has made Nebraska his place of residence. George Nicholson resides in San Jose.

Mrs. E. H. Reid (Lois G. Wilson) resides in Tuolumne.

1898.

Alice Stockton teaches school in Fresno. Leo Woodson is manager of a store at Sugar Pine. Mrs. F. Blackey (Cora Kessler) resides in Salinas. 1899.

Miss Louise Mordecai resides on a ranch near Madera. Mrs. W. Matthews (Nellie Dwyer) makes Madera her home.

Mayme Saunders is teaching in Madera Grammar School.

Craig Cunningham, Superintendent of Schools of Madera County.

Sophia Walters is residing on a farm in Madera.

Leroy Kendall holds position as bookkeeper in Redding.

William Clark went from Madera as missionary but is now in the East.

Mary Trincano.

Mrs. J. W. Boling (Lorena Kendall) resides in Fresno. Dr. Dow Ransom is practicing medicine in Madera.

1901.

Arthur Belcher engages in the draying business in Madera.

Ben Preciado is manager of store of C. F. Preciado in Madera.

Mrs. J. K. Hollister (Gertrude Edwards) makes Madera her home.

W. R. Curtin and wife (Ila Woodson) reside in Madera. He fills the position of County Clerk.

Frank Whitehead resides in Kerman.

Frank Cook.

1902.

Ida Bailey teaches in Fresno Grammar School. Herbert Shadle has a farm in Turlock. Mrs. A. Ladd holds position in the Assessor's office. Kenneth Hughes resides in Tranquility.

1903.

Mrs. H. Plate (Ruby Metz) resides in Richmond. Mrs. A. E. Becker (Mabel Metz) resides in Richmond. Mrs. Ed. James (Ethel Westfall) makes Taft her place of residence.

Mrs. Pitman (Alice Cunningham) resides in Fresno.

1904.

Maud Williams holds position in Madera Post Office. Lettie Currans teaches in Modesto. Maud Bowman (Mrs. B. Bryan) resides in Pasadena. Virginia Larew (Mrs. Rue) resides in Richmond. Bertha Wootten (Mrs. G. Ladd) is living in Madera. Mae Cook resides in Haywards.

1905.

Elsie Edwards teaches school in Madera. Rhodes Borden bookkeeper for Wehrmann & Meilike. Mrs. Houlding (Lou Mantonya) is living on a ranch near Madera.

A. Preciado is in newspaper business in Spokane, Wash.

Florence Reid resides in San Francisco.

1906.

Larew Woodson is bookkeeper for Thurman Door Company.

Georgia Dodson is a nurse at St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco.

Horace Bailey resides in Fresno.

Mrs. C. Cunningham (Ella M. Ransom) is living in Madera.

Cornelius Appling resides in Fresno. Frances Alley Boring resides in Madera. Belle Hosler is teaching in Madera.

Frances McFadden occupies position in County Assessor's office.

Lillian Wood (Mrs. W. Meek) resides in Patterson. Dorothy Belcher Bartman resides in Newman. Mrs. Slaus Viau (Olive Wood) is living in Sanger. Irene Bryan makes Suisun, Cal., her home. Corrine Loinaz resided in Fresno. Naomi Heiskell resides in Berkeley.

Mrs. J. Walling (Agnes Cook) resides in Madera.

1907.

Lydia Hosler teaches in the Madera Grammar School. Mayme Glock resides in Madera. Merle Goucher is living in Stockton. Carl Newman is clerk in Madera Commercial Bank. Cora Cook (Mrs. Wm. Desmond) resides in Berenda. Eva Dood Parsley lives in Kerman.

Le Roy Hall assists his father in the carpenter business in Madera.

1908.

Evalyn Hall teaches school in Eastin, Cal. Gladys Footman teaches school in Madera county. Addie Cook resides in Madera.

Margaret O'Meara makes Madera her home. Elmo Clark office girl for lawyer in Madera. Birdie Appling teaches school in Fresno.

Mrs. Patterson (Lola McLellan) resides near Madera.

Isabel McFadden is teaching school in Madera County. Margaret Freeland resides in Oakland. Wm. C. Reid is a dentist in Richmond. Isabel Metz is a bookkeeper for Madary's Mills, Fresno. Howard Clark is working in the Tribune Office. Gladys Wood Cooper resides in Berenda. Lillian McKenzie Price makes Madera her home. Shirley Wilson lives in Madera.

1909.

Chester Enos holds a position in the bank of Coalinga. Helen Whitehead teaches school in Madera county. Lucille Heiskell is teaching school in Madera county. Jeannette Bailey is teaching school in Fresno county. Gladys Hunter assists her father in the drug store in Madera.

Harry Ross holds a good position in Fresno.
Hallie Gleason attends law school in Los Angeles.
Frank Desmond ranches near Madera.
Clay Daulton resides on the Daulton Ranch.
Roy Scott works in Madera.

Russworth Bennett holds a good position in Taft. Edith Hall is teaching school in Madera county.

1910.

Jack Dodson is working for Diamond Rubber Co. in Oakland.

Bertie Raburn is bookkeeper for Friedberger & Harder.

Lucille Fortune holds a good position in County Library.

Gladys Renfro holds position at Etter's Store, Madera. Lenna Skaggs is attending San Jose Normal. Frank Reid, local automobile dealer. Chester Vanderburg attends Stanford. Sadie O'Meara resides at Berenda.

1911.

Lewis Wright is attending the Fresno Junior College. John Gordon fills a position in the Madera Abstract Office.

Charley High is working in Commercial Bank in Madera.

Columbus Appling lives near Madera.
Milnor Blowers attends University of Redlands.
Ona Honeycutt attends San Jose Normal.
Florence Latham attends Fresno Normal.
Erna Wehrmann is bookkeeper in her father's store.
Faustina Wren attends University in Berkeley.
Bernice Woodson attends San Jose Normal.
Lelia Schmidt attends Fresno Normal.

1912.

Isabel Bennett holds a position in Doctor Ransom's office.

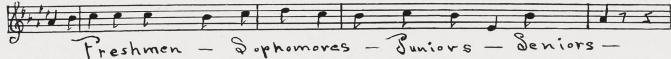
Mae Burgess resides near Madera.

Earl Cardwell attends Business College in San Francisco.

Philip Conley attends University in Berkeley. Hazel Crow is in San Diego attending College. Hilda Footman attends San Jose Normal. David Glock works in Madera for Wells-Fargo Co. Winnie High attends Dominican College in San Rafael. John Owens lives near Madera on a ranch. Hazel Osborn resides in Selma. Mae Wood attends the Fresno Normal. Dora Wren is attending University in Berkeley.







BESSIE SMITH
RETTA HONEYCUTT
ANNA NOBLE
WILL ISAKSON
LESLIE CONLEY
WILL RING

AGNES BRISCOE
FLORENCE BELCHER
MARGARETHA WEHRMANN
PAUL HUSTED
NELLIE SECARA

TRUEMAN WOOD
HELEN FROOM

ESTELLA MOORE
LUCIA WHITING
LINTON MANTONYA
ETHEL HARDELL
JEANNETTA BLOWERS
BESSIE VANDERBURG
HENRY McFADDEN
VIRGINIA CRAIG

Senior Class Notes

Sept. 2. School started. Seniors roust Freshmen out of back seats. Twenty new seats put in Assembly Hall. So many Freshmen.

Sept. 3. Will R. and Miss Zimmerman argue on existence of dots and lines. Will vanquished and utterly confused, but still talking.

Sept. 4. Freshman girl falls down stairs and has hysterics. Senior girls exhibit great skill in nursing.

Sept. 6. Seniors entertain Freshmen. Freshmen enjoy being fed peanuts and bread and milk by the Senior girls.

Sept. 19. Leslie proposes to Jeannetta in English IV. class. Jeannetta indignantly refuses.

Sept. 20. Leslie absent on account of illness caused by his rejection. (?)

Sept. 23. Chemistry class surprises U. S. History class by showering fire on the window-ledge of the History room.

Oct. 3. Jeannetta and Anne skip a study period and spend it sitting on the South steps. Physics A class disapproves and gives them a shower bath.

Oct. 24. Will R. wants everybody to know it is all a joke and he isn't serious at all.

Oct. 25. Misses Elizabeth Smith and Jeannetta Blow- Ask Dot and Agnes about it. ers spend the week-end in the country.

Dec. 9. Boys listen we

Oct. 26. Tennis with Turlock. Senior girls intend to surprise the Turlock boy with some unexpected picture (?), but the careless thing forgot to put any films in his camera, so he missed a pleasant surprise.

Oct. 30. Basketball boys appear with their hair cut pompadour. Look classy, especially Henry and Leslie.

Nov. 8. English class unusually quiet during the absence of Henry and Trueman.

Nov. 18. Evidently the boys and girls of Physics A Class are bashful. Girls refuse to take advantage of Leap Year and ask the boys to work with them and boys declare they don't want to work with girls, so Miss Zimmerman has to pair them off.

Nov. 20. Senior English class has very enjoyable time (?) reading Ancient English as written by Chaucer.

Nov. 21. Mr. Kahl favors us by singing a solo "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me." Very touching.

Nov. 22. Will R. exits from English class through window.

Nov. 23. Tennis, girls' and boys' basketball teams journey to Turlock, spending day and night there. Royally treated. Madera boys quite generous with hats and pennants (belong to someone else). Do Turlock Bakers make good pies? Ask Leesyl and Henry.

Dec. 2. Seniors receive class pins. All blissfully happy.

Dec. 4. Henry thinks Chaucer got his Cook's bill of fare slightly mixed.

Dec. 6. Will I. lustily sings one song while the school is singing another and doesn't discover the mistake until through the song.

Dec. 7. Basketball at Easton. Very enjoyable time.

Dec. 9. Boys listen very attentively to advice the "Urjf of Bathe" given about courting in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

Dec. 11. Will I.'s explanation of rain; the water evaporates into the air and pretty soon, so much gets there, that it is so heavy the air can't hold it up, and it falls.

Dec. 13. Notice Henry's look of anguish as Miss Reeve, in Solid Geometry, tells Trueman to take 2 pies (2pi) outside.

Dec. 14. Henry (Eng. IV.), "How many tragedies did Shakespeare write?" Miss Weaver, "Oh! (long pause). Dear, I don't know."

Dec. 16. U. C. visitor here. Leslie and Margaretha try to make a bonfire with one of the Physics tables by tipping over a lamp on it. Miss Zimmerman and the visitor too absorbed in their conversation to notice consequent conflagration and excitement.

Dec. 17. Miss Weaver—(To Anne, who is holding the hand of one of the other pupils) "Don't do that here, please, this isn't the place for it." (P. S. The hand belonged to Stella.).

Dec. 18. Trueman (writing an English paper): "Miss Weaver, my vocabulary is exhausted." Miss Weaver (exasperated by his incessant talking), "Well, I don't believe it."

Dec. 19. Freshie boys playing marbles and freshie girls playing hot-scotch. What will the babies do next? (Senior boys played with freshmen girls, but don't mention that).

Dec. 20. The Freshie girls circulate petition asking for a half-day vacation so the poor dears can see Santa Claus. Everybody happy that we are actually to have

two weeks vacation.

Jan. 6. Back again! What's the use of having vacations? Just have to go back to school again as we were beginning to enjoy them.

Jan. 17. Freshie carelessly leaves a note to her sweetheart on somebody else's desk. Note appears conspicuously

on front board.

Jan. 20. Freshie cuts off part of her hair and leaves it on the steps. Said hair appears suspended from roof of stage.

Jan. 29. Leslie wants Senior boys to be excused to go to cooking school to see what utensils they will have to buy

in the future.

Feb. 4. Cooking contest in town. Florence Belcher, Senior girl, gets first prize and Bessie Smith third prize for the High School girls' contest.

Feb. 11. Florence gets her hair in the ink.

Feb. 12. Seniors get pictures taken. (??)

Feb. 19. Trueman requests that the fact that he got a very difficult problem in trig. be put in the paper.

Feb. 21. Washington's birthday exercises. Ahem!

Mar. 1. B. B. game with Selma. (Please don't mention it.)

Mar. 26. Henry and Leslie were terribly anxious to see the circus parade, so they industriously misbehaved until Miss Weaver excused them. Noon: Hurrah! No school this afternoon. Petition bearing seventy-five signatures carried some weight. Mr. Kahl and Miss Zimmerman also

signed it. Everybody going to circus.

Mar. 27. Pupils of drawing class who work in the room below the Physics lab. in second period receive shower baths as warning to keep their heads inside the room.

Apr. 1. No very serious jokes, but oh, you blockade.

Apr. 15. Helen F. in German, while Mr. Kahl is talking (very widly)—"I love you; hold me tight." Evidently Mr. Kahl does not approve of such impetuous and public love-making for he glowers at Helen and the class, who are dying with hysteria.

Apr. 17. Man beating carpet across the street ingrosses the attention of German 1 class and when they turn again Helen is heard saying, "Oh, you dear—." Perhaps she was translating, but in view of prior events it seems doubtful.

Apr. 18. All girls diligently practicing for the baseball game between two picked (?) girls' teams to be played

at the picnic.

Apr. 30. Trueman, Henry, Leslie and Will R. must be very important personages for Miss Weaver has really arranged a private recitation period for them at 3:30.

May 19. Anne surprises the Physics teacher by ad-

dressing her as "Mama."

May 24. Trueman is quite stuck on himself for getting all of his problems in Trig. Won't ever look at the rest.

June 4. Continuous performance in English IV. class. One boy is called out, returns in about five minutes; calls another boy out, who returns in about five minutes; etc.

June 13. As is custom, Seniors formally give Physics lab. over to Juniors on the last day that the Seniors are at school. Loads of pink ice cream. Juniors amazed at miracle performed.

June 19. Commencement tonight. Seniors feel rather sad at leaving the old school for good, but are borne up by remembering that, "WE FINISH, TO BEGIN."

Junior Class Notes

Sept. 12. Registration day here. Fun begins.

Sept. 12. Our ranks are increased by Helen Whiting

Sept. 13. The little Freshies came to school.

Sept. 13. We will miss Victoria Cardwell this year Vic is attending school in "Frisco."

Sept. 14. We miss Ruth Baker from our ranks. She

left the whole Junior class for one boy.

Sept. 16. Election of class officers for the first term resulted with Everett Honeycutt, president; Helen Wilkinson, vice president; Helen Whiting, secretary.

Sept. 28. Everything going smoothly. Lots of fun in

chemistry.

Oct. 6. Dramatic club formed with these officers: Edith Howe, president; Elizabeth Washington, vice president; Grace Crow, secretary.

Oct. 28. A little diversion from the regular regime.

Interclass tennis.

Oct. 29. Though we lost in tennis yesterday, we are resolved to be champions in the next interclass in April.

Nov. 3. We are sorry our ranks are decreased by Will Brammer. We were just priding ourselves on having three boys in our class.

Nov. 18. Our dramatic club was entertained most royally by Miss Agar at the Freeland home. We presented a farce in which Helen Wilkinson distinguished herself as a hostess at an afternoon tea, and David Barcroft as her maid. Comical? Well I guess! Can you imagine Dave dressed in a black dress with white cap and apron and acting real dignified?

Nov. 20. In English, studying "Vicar of Wakefield." Dave—How could the Vicar's house catch fire on the top? E. H.—The chimney flew (flue). (E. H., clever boy).

Dec. 3. Dramatic club began the study of Greek

drama.

Dec. 10. In English III. Miss A.—The Vicar's little sons were little angels. D. B.—Yes, I used to be an angel. Miss A.—I advise you to return to the days of your youth.

Dec. 12. Holidays nearly here. School is going fine

but we will be glad of a rest.

Jan. 5. Down to work again.

Jan. 9. We can surely say as the poet, "Time has wings." Time for election of Dramatic club officers again.

Jan. 10. The election resulted as follows: Elizabeth Washington, president; Helen Whiting, vice president; Marie Brown, secretary.

Jan. 20. The school was nearly driven outside by H2S fumes coming through all the heat registers. You're missing all the fun in Chemistry, Helen.

Jan. 29. Primp up and get your best pose out. Here's the picture man.

Feb. 3. Dave and Everett under disgrace, having been

sent from English class.

Feb. 9. Debate in English History. "Resolved that coastwise vessels should go through the Panama canal free of toll." Some debate. Although the period cut us short. It was sure rousing and exciting, and the judges decided in favor of the negative as they presented the best arguments

Feb. 20. This morning in English, David gave a contribution to the waste basket of two bags of peppermints.

Mar. 8. Out for institute vacation, and we'll take another breath and be all the more ready for work.

Mar. 17. Together again.

Mar. 18. Dave was nearly mobbed in Chemistry for saving he owned a mine forty miles from no-where, meaning forty miles from Madera.

Mar. 20. Dave began to sing in English while studying the "Commemoration Ode." He certainly didn't get his inspiration from the "Ode."



JUNIOR CLASS

April 1. We feel it our duty to reprove the innocent Freshmen for the joke they played on Miss Agar. You must be more studious and less frivolous if you hope to gain a wreath of laurel. Read your commandments more often and try to live up to them.

April 1. Had a good time and some good punch at the

social afternoon given by the sewing girls.

April 1. Mr. Burrell commended us on not putting up

any strong April fool stunts.

April 3. The Juniors entertained the Sophs at the homes of Marie Brown and Elizabeth Washington. The dramatic class presented a farce, the "Kleptomaniac," and games and dancing were indulged in until a late hour when delicious refreshments were served.

April 5. Elizabeth talking to Helen about the party. "The lights were all shaded with green crepe casting a green glow over everything, which made the Sophs appear

a still greener bunch."

April 6. Everett H. at school with a new hair cut. A long pompy. What did you put on it to slick it down so nice? Can't you smole the smell?

April 9. Big explosion in chemistry lab. Some of the Freshies in the assembly were getting on their knees

thinking their time had sure come.

April 11. Miss A. in English III.—David do you want to go over there and sit with one of the girls? Dave—Will you let me if I stop talking? Miss A.—I should hate to inflict you upon them. Poor Dave gets it on every side.

April 13. A test coming-in history. For grandfather's sake sprawl out your reports so it won't come today.

April 16. Helen Wilkinson absent from English History. How we missed her controversies with Mr. Kahl.

April 18. Dave playing solitaire between entrances in dramatic class.

April 19. Helen complacently wandered off to dreamland in History.

April 21. Interclass tennis next week.

April 25. We are counting the weeks until school is out. Seniors next year.

Sophomore Class Notes

Sept. 4. High school opens with great excitement and mingled with feelings of joy and regret on the part of the students.

Freshmen, freshmen everywhere, As fast as one can blink; Freshmen, freshmen all around, "Till one can scarcely think.

Fifty of them, all running hither and thither; various

shades of greenness mingling beautifully.

Sept. 5. All settled in our respective seats in Assembly hall, after having removed half dozen or so persistent "Scrubs" who insisted on choice seats. New teachers greet us, new faces greet us, and almost before we have had time to look about us once more, we are off in the whirl of excitement and preparation that marks the beginning of every new term.

Sept. 11. Have begun to realize what work is once more—with realization cometh terror. Freshies evidently believe in exercise at rate they rush frantically around hunting recitation rooms.

Sept. 15. Sophomore class affected with disease, commonly called "Giggles." Everybody's giggling! "Jug"

in evidence.

Sept. 18. Tests in front of us, tests on right of us, tests in back of us—terrify and threaten. All teachers seem to have a grudge against "we poor Sophomores." Nevertheless, we persevere and are martyrs to the cause!



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sept. 20. Miss Zimmerman entertains us whole period in study hall, parading across room from laboratory to laboratory with dangerous looking machines. Perhaps she too, like the Freshies, believes in exercise.

Sept. 28. Great excitement in History class today. Florence Floto endeavors to tell us of Turkies (Turkey) and other farm yard fowls—but Mr. Kahl, firmly believing in fair play, refuses to hear of fowls (fouls) so Florence gives up attempt.

Sept. 29. Work oppressive. Grind!

Sept. 30. More excitement in history class. Curtain rises on Florence Floto draped artistically on her's and Bea Nesbitt's desk, entertaining class with various contortions and conversational abilities. Mr. Kahl engages in explaining history to unattentive and unappreciative class. Mr. Kahl.—"Miss Floto, will you keep position and quit talking?" Miss Floto, hurriedly turning around and finishing up conversation—"Oh, Mr. Kahl, I—I wasn't talking—I—." Stony glare from Mr. Kahl. Florence squelched.

Oct. 17. Digging hard at Geometry! Had interesting talk given us today. Told us to dig all the time. Talk

apropos!

Oct. 21. Miss Weaver says Sophomore Latin class excels any other class giggling. Peggy M. overcome. Highly elated over compliment. Time enough to be dignified when Senior year appears on the horizon.

Oct. 29. Various "cases" developing at Hi school. Hall-ways and every other available place ornamented with 'em.

Nov. 18. Hurray for the Sophomores! We have the interclass tennis pennant displaying an immense '15. thanks to the perseverance and skill of our team. Hurray for the Sophs!

Nov. 30. Frieda K. vainly endeavors to walk over Mr. Kahl. Mr. Kahl hurriedly removes himself. Frieda

frustrated! Frenzied and haggard Sophomores rush hither and thither taking Geometry in regular doses. Test today.

Dec. 8. Thank goodness, Xmas is coming and with it two weeks of blissful vacation. Radiant faces everywhere. Jan. 8. School open again. Everyone weighed down

with resolutions, especially the Sophomores.

Jan. 13. Resolutions vanishing like chaff in the wind, beneath hard grind of Hi school work.

Jan. 15. Cheerful class! All we do is laugh the

whole day long. Optimists, all of us.

Feb. 8. Strange and awful odors from somewhere. Students take sudden fancy for fresh air. Finally discover experiments are going on in laboratory.

Feb. 16. Miss Reeve tries to tell English class that Emerson married Lydia Pinkham. Consternation and amusements display inner emotions of sophomores.

Mar. 11. Mr. Kahl insists on exact and upright positions in history class; meanwhile, draping his own anatomy on whatever desks are handy. Wanted—To know if we are to follow good examples.

Mar. 12. Will vacation never come? Students begin

to look haggard under strain of Geometry.

Apr. 1. Great joke! "Olev" knocks on geometry room door, expecting to see Miss Agar's smiling face. Instead, he meets Frieda. "Olev" calmly says, "April Fool" and walks in. Explanation desired by Miss Agar as to strange actions. Thinks Geometry or probably something stronger has entered "Olev's" knowledge receptacle.

Apr. 3. Whole Latin class affected with "giggles" again. Miss Weaver says "Caesar's Gallic Wars" holds little or no humor to her motion. That's all a matter of opinion.

Apr. 5. David endeavors to entertain Latin class by imagining himself a phonograph. Miss Weaver sends him outside to voice his effervescent mood.

Apr. 6. Miss Reeve says we should annex all words

to our vocabulary. Methinks, if we do this, it would be necessary to serve up the dictionary a 'la 'carte every few moments.

Apr. 11. Hurray! Only a short time until high school will close its doors for three short months of heavenly bliss. Until next September fourth; fellow students, adieu!

Freshmen Class Notes

Sept. 4. At last we arrived at "Paradise," commonly known as high school. Among the marvelous things we experienced were—

The Seniors' taunts,
The Junior's flaunts,
The Sophs' sarcastic hit!
We may be green,
But it is seen
That—Freshmen are just It!

Sept. 11. Our poor Freshmen band was quite mixed up all week. Imagine our mortification upon opening the wrong door, and being greeted by the grave Seniors, or, upon coming unexpectedly upon a recitation room of wise Juniors, who, upon seeing us, burst into a laugh; but worst of all—those know-it-all Sophomores! Just because we happened in their English room, they said in sneery tone. "Freshmen? Oh, we'll have to excuse them, you know they are so green!" But they needn't talk! They are just out of pasture. We're awfully sorry the cows couldn't eat them when they were "Freshies." We don't see how they ever escaped, because they must have been awfully green.

Sept. 30. Studying like sixty. The wise Sophs told us that the only way to study was to "Browse." Wonder if they think we are deer. (dears)

Oct. 2. Ray Merino was in a jolly mood today. He

sings "My Pauline" all the time. If you don't know why, just ask him or Pauline Stahl. They have just renewed their case.

Oct. 3. Ethel McCumber in Ancient History was talking about a battle on the island of Sphacteria; she evidently thought she was in the Physic laboratory, because she said, "The Romans were defeated on the island of Bacteria." (Sphacteria). Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Oct. 13. Work is very hard, but we are told that

perseverance wins so we strive on.

Oct. 21. Latin gets the Freshies goat. The majority of our class falling from the ranks.

Oct. 29. Miss Agar in English I.—"Your theme for this week will be to write about an amateur circus." Edward—"Does amateur mean cats and dogs?",

Nov. 19. Miss Weaver to Carol while eating peanuts in Latin class, "Carol, don't you know that peanuts are very noisy things."

Nov. 23. Still grinding away.

Dec. 2. Many Freshies jugged. (They wonder what it means.)

Dec. 20. Hurrah! The long looked for rest is here. Xmas vacation.

Jan. 6. At work again, but greatly refreshed from vacation.

Jan. 18. Freshies have played many games with Seniors! Results for us not favorable.

Jan. 29. Mae has poor Will R. completely won over. But—Seniors seem to think some of the Freshmen girls are O. K.

Feb. 3. Miss Agar sent Leslie Stevens from English to to wash his face. (Miss Agar likes neat boys.)

Feb. 21. Cora gets slightly mixed in gender. Answers Mr. Kahl saying, "Yes, mam!"

Mar. 7. Translation in Iatin. "They caught fish from

the top of the elm tree." "Hace in Gallia est importantus," Translation, "Hike into Gaul, it is important."

Mar. 12. Miss Weaver in Latin B.—"Ethel, what is the verb for draw?" Stanley answers. Miss Weaver.

"Stanley, shall I call you Ethel after this?"

Mar. 15. Mr. Kabl in History B. to Lena Northern after she fails to answer a question—"Do you understand it now?" Lena—"I knew it, but I forgot." (Hard luck Lena.)

Mar. 20. Prof. Burrell—"Do you see how I worked this problem?" Bright Freshie—"Oh, yes, my eyes aren't the least bit affected." (Clever, don't cher know.)

Apr. 1. Rey—"Some one is at the door, Miss Agar." Miss Agar—"Please see who it is, will you Rey?" (Wonder who got fooled.)

Apr. 9. Miss Agar told us a joke today. A little girl in her class said. "I titter-tatter up side down." It should have been, "Ave! Tear her tattered ensign down."

Apr. 19. Miss Agar in Eng. I.—"Do the barbers use basins like they did in olden days, Joedwin?" Joedwin—"Don't know, Miss Agar, I never had a shave." (Joedwin's

a girl, even if she has two boys' names.)

Apr. 20. Glad school is out. Just think, Freshmen, we won't be called "Scrubs," "Greenie," "Freshie," and various other pet names, because next year, we will be illustrious Sophomores!

Good-bye everybody,
Farewell till next year.
Hurray; no more study,
We are filled with cheer!





FRESHMEN CLASS



Athletics were quite successful this year. The tennis team has witnessed another year without a defeat. Most of our games were well attended, especially the girls basket ball. In some cases there was a lack of school spirit among the students but they generally cause out with what they had when needed.

TENNIS

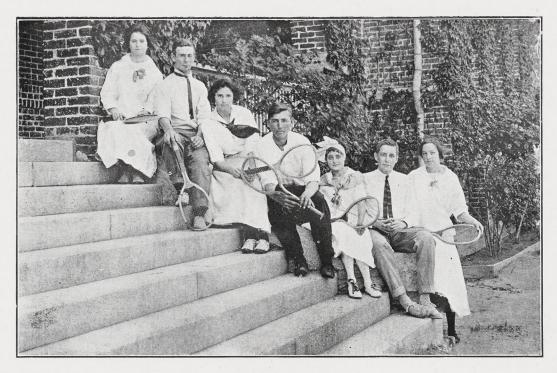
Tennis has had a very successful year. Our team has played five games without a defeat and still bears the proud title of champion of the San Joaquin valley. She has borne this now for four years.

Turlock vs. Madera at Madera

On October 26th, the first interschool game was played with Turlock on the High School court. Turlock had no girls to represent her so the teachers took their place. The game was an easy victory for Madera, taking all events.

Turlock vs. Madera at Turlock

On November 23rd, our team, accompanied by the Girls' Basket Ball and Boys' Basket Ball players visited Turlock. The Turlock players had been working hard since their trip here and made a better showing. But in spite of



TENNIS TEAM

Madera County Free Library,
MADERA, CAL,

this the score was 5 to 0 in our favor. Turlock had found girls to represent her this time.

M. H. S. vs. Easton at Madera

Jan. 25th found Easton here with hopes. Their intentions were good—but? They were doomed to bite the dust also and fell beneath a 4 to 1 victory for the wearers of the Purple and White. Our side took all except boys singles.

Merced vs. Madera at Merced

On Feb. 1 our team went to Merced. It is the same story over again. Madera took 4 out of 5 events, losing boys' singles.

Merced vs. Madera at Madera

The following week Merced came here but fell beneath a harder fate. Our team came off with five events instead of four. This was the last game as no more games could be obtained.

This is the only team winning Block M's this period. They are as follows: Lucia Whiting, Cathy Bennett, Myrtle Gertsen, Margaret Marchbank, Leslie Conley, Will Isakson, manager, and Matthew Conley, captain.

Interclass Tennis

The first interclass tournament was held in the first part of October. Much interest was taken and each class fought hard. The Sophomores won. Their team was as follows: Matthew Conley, Stanley Ford, Myrtle Gertsen and Cathy Bennett.

The second interclass was held April 17, 18 and 19. The Seniors won after downing their old rivals, the Sophomores. Their team was Leslie Conley, Lucia Whiting and Will Isakson. The girls doubles were forfeited to Sophomores.

GIRLS BASKET BALL

The girls organized early and got down to business under their plucky little captain, Agnes Briscoe. They practiced hard and put a good team in the field. This was quite hard as two of their best players did not return. The new material proved worthy to fill their places but two hard luck games during the year kept them from last year's honor.

M. H. S. vs. Easton at Madera

Their first game was with Easton at Madera on Nov. 9th. The girls did not have good team work and Easton was able to hold down their score. They won, however, by a 9 to 6 score, encouraged on by a large crowd. The game was held at the skating rink, making it better for both the players and the visitors.

Turlock vs. Madera at Turlock

On November 23rd our school journeyed to Turlock. Turlock's team was well trained and stronger than our girls, but it was only luck they won. Our team was ahead and a chance goal changed the score. The special feature of the game was Turlock's attempt to kill our plucky guard. Dot Whiting. The score was 16 to 17 for our northern friends.

Madera vs. Easton at Easton

On Dec. 9th our basket ball tossers went to Easton Any one could tell when they returned that night what had happened. They had won a 20 to 8 game and had been treated royally, being entertained by Easton and a lone Madera boy.

Sanger vs. M. H. S. at Madera

On Jan. 25 Sanger came determined to carry off the honors. Only by our girls fierce guarding and timely



GIRLS BASKET BALL TEAM

goals was this impossible. Neither one were able to get the telling score so the game ended 8 to 8. It was a good game and was well attended.

Madera vs. Selma at Madera

On March 1st they played their fifth and last game. Our girls had been laying off and were not in their usual form. This proved itself in the game. Selma played around them and won 20 to 9. All the feeling in town couldn't win.

This ended the season with 2 victories, 2 defeats, and one tie. They failed to get the necessary two-thirds for Block M's.

The team was as follows:

Nellie Secara, Agnes Briscoe, forwards; Ethel Mc-Cumber, Burnetta Nesbitt, centers; Dot Whiting, Ruby Russell, guards.

BOYS' BASKET BALL

Early in the fall the boys began practicing for a basket ball team under the leadership of Leslie Conley. A team was put into the field but owing to the lack of material and a coach it did not accomplish what they might have otherwise. But considering the difficulties under which they played and teams they chose they made a good showing. The team chosen by Captain Conley was:

L. Conley, A. Post. H. McFadden, forwards; T. Wood, center; L. Trine and E. Honevcutt, guards.

The following is the schedule of games played:

	Opponents	Pts.	Madera	Pts.
October 26	Turlock at Madera	30		17
	Le Grand at Le Grand	- 27		11
November 16	Healds at Madera	29		27
	Turlock at Turlock	42		19
November 28	Madera All Stars	15		16

The boys were beginning to learn the finer points of the game when the season closed. Probably if it had lasted longer they would have gotten rid of the hoodoo which followed them continually.

FOOT BALL

An attempt was made during the fall for a Rugby team but a rule of the faculty killed it. The boys then turned their attentions to American and two teams were formed. The regular Hi team played two games with the town team and three with the Freshmen. They won four of the five but no outside games were scheduled.

BASE BALL

Baseball was not attempted in the fall on account of other activities. In the spring under the leadership of Captain Trine a fast team was organized. It has not been playing long so has no brilliant record. But with the showing made and plenty of time left their chances are large.

Madera vs. Fresno

On March 29th our team journeved to Fresno to play Fresno Hi, Junior College and Normal combined. It proved a good game and showed what our team was made of and what it would do after a little practice. Captain Trine chose the following as the Purple and White wearers:

Leslie Conley, First Base.
Leesyl Trine, Second base.
Archie Post, Third Base.
Will Isakson, Short Stop.
Bay Merino, Catcher.
Everett Honeycutt, Center Field.
Otto Husted, Right Field.
Leslie Glock, Left Field.
Will Ring, Pitcher.



BASEBALL TEAM

The first part was fast, Pitcher Ring holding them down. But a few bunched hits in the sixth changed things. Ring was removed and Wood finished. Final score, 7 to 1. to our displeasure.

Madera vs. Le Grand

On April 5th, our old time rivals Le Grande, came to scalp the young Coyotes. Our team was strengthened and proved it by its playing. Pitcher Pendergrass for Le Grand was their main star as usual. He allowed only a few hits which were stretched into runs. Trine used his same team with the exception of the battery, Wood and Settle instead of Ring and Merino. Le Grand got a run in the first but Madera was unable to do likewise. After hopes were almost gone Settle came home from third and tied the score. It took three innings to settle the difficulty which resulted in a M. H. S. victory, Isakson coming home with the winning score. The score was 2 to 1.

More games are scheduled and our boys promise to win. With their showing against Le Grand they can face any team in the valley without danger,

WEARERS OF THE BLOCK M

Lucia Whiting (Tennis).

Mathew Conley (Tennis).

Cathy Bennett (Tennis).

W. J. Isakson (Tennis).

Myrtle Gertsen (Tennis).

L. J. Conley (Tennis).

Margaret Marchbank (Tennis).

T. Wood (Base Ball).

Agnes Briscoe (Basket Ball).



Laugh, and the world will laugh with you! Weep, and you weep alone, Smile! everyone will greet you, No matter if you're far from home. Cheery words always help someone Mirth is the best doctor known, Laugh, and the world will laugh with you! Weep, and you weep alone.

If you exclaim with your first glance, Gee! these jokes are rotten. I know you've been left out or else forgotten

Cow across the street—Moo—Mo-o—M-o-o-o. Goosy Clark (Excitedly).—"Did you speak Miss Agar?" Bill R.—"On what grounds does your father object to me."

Helen—"On any grounds within a block of the house."

Trine—"I press my suit on bended knee."
Dot.—(sourly) "Why don't you get an ironing board."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, "JUGGED AGAIN,"

Miss Agar.—"Define sausage."
Rich—"A hamburger in tights."

Miss Reeve.—"You should never chew gum in school unless you can pass it around."

Ole Tyrell.—"Oh, anybody can chew my gum that wants to."

Senior.—"Wipe off your chin." Scrub proceeds to do so. Senior.—"Well, it's still there."

Lena.—"Leesyl, do you want a date." Lee.—"Sure, Friday night." Lena.—"Here's the sack."

Mathew Conley on first visit to the farm upon observing the wind mill near the pig pen observed to the farmer, "Gee, but you have got a fine electric fan for your pigs."

Freshman girl.—"Is there going to be a full moon tonight?"

Senior boy.—"I don't know, little one, it was sober last night."

Mr. Kahl.—"How did Themistocles' life end?"
Class.—Silence.
Mr. K.—"He died didn't he?"

Husted reading).—"He could rag like a poodle dog."

Trine to Professor.—"Would you mind taking great care how you draw up my report? My parents suffer dreadfully from weak hearts."

If it be true that love is blind
And lovers cannot see.
Then why in the dickens don't some girl
Just fall in love with me.
Josh Ed Plea.

As far as Prunes Wood is concerned, no curling papers for him. He needs a good old fashioned hair cut.

Scrub.—"What has Kansas Husted got that bandage on his upper lip for."

Prunes Wood.—"He's got it soaked with hair tonic so he can grow a mustache."

Lee was talking to her about the baseball team.—
"Honey, will soon be our best man."
Dot (blushing).—"Oh, this is so sudden."

Senior treading on Scrubs toes.—Get out from under my feet.

Scrub.—Well, where can I go.—Ex.

If Grace Crows does Bill Ring?

Ole.—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?" Brick.—"I'd shine 'em."

Ring.—"Miss Zim., I can't do this problem." Miss Zim.—"Why, Will, all the other girls did it."

Girl approaching with petition to sign.—"May I take your name, Mr. Mantonya?"

Count.—"Yes, little one, you may."

McFadden loves to spend an hour, With his pretty lady friends, But now the girls are growing sour, For that is all he spends.

Mr. Kahl.—"What is work?"
McPherson.—"Everything is work."
Mr. K.—"Then you would have the class believe this desk is work?"

Mc.—"Yes, sir, woodwork."

I want to be a Senior,
And with the Senior's stand,
A fountain pen behind my ear,
A notebook in my hand.
I would not be an angel,
For angels have to sing,
I'd rather be a Senior
And never do a thing.—Ex.

Bill.—"I want to say something that's been trembling on my lips for weeks." Retta.—"Yes, I see, why don't you shave it off."

If a Senior loves a Senior that his business. If a Freshie loves a Freshie thats his business. But if a Senior loves a Freshie that everybody's business.

Miss Agar.—"Oliver Goldsmith was an actor for a time."

Cox.—"Was he a chorus girl?"

McFadden told a story and B. Nes-bit.

Mac.—"I'll go any place you want me to."
Helen.—"Well, since it half past eleven, suppose you
go home."

Teacher.—"You must not laugh out loud in school." Pupil.—"I didn't mean to, I was just smiling and somehow or other the smile broke."

She studied hard in college To gain her M. A.—then, She soon applied her knowledge To win her M. A. N.—Ex. Pee Wee.—"Whats worse than finding a worm in the apple you have been eating?"
Goosev.—"To find the worm in your mouth."

Mr. Kahl (during singing)—"Will you please hold that she a little longer."

Miss R.—"I told you to bring your notebook to class today."

Glock.—"Oh, I don't need it, I'll use my head." Miss R.—"But that would be a blank book."

Miss Whiting.—"Mr. Kahl, when shall I come again."
Mr. Kahl.—"I thought I had a date with you last night."

Woods.—"Money talks."
Isakson.—All it ever said to me was good-bye."

Umpire.—"Foul."
Wise Scrub.—"I don't see any feathers."
Captain.—"Aw get out, we're playing a picked team."

Pee Wee Watson is a good little kid when he is asleep but he sometimes cusses in his sleep.

Husted (Reciting).—"This is a tale told by a fool." (pause).

Bill Ring.—"Right you are."

When you see a bashful Senior Blushing scarlet in the face, Every time he pulls his watch out There's a lady in the case.—Ex.

He.—"If I stole a kiss would it be petty larceny?" She.—"No, I think it would be grand."—Ex.

Mr. Kahl.--Why didn't the Egyptians use slate in ancient times?"

C. J., Jr.—"Because they were told to multiply on the face of the earth."

Prunes W. (greatly surprised in Physics after working for 15 minutes).—"Why there's 5280 yards in 3 miles."

Judge B. (to conductor after the engine broke down for the fifth time between Le Grand and Storey)—"Say, the best way to fix this engine will be to jack up the smokestack and whistle and get a new engine."

John.—"We've got the skating rink hired."
Prunes.—"Are you going to let me skate?"
John.—"No, we don't let Berenda bums skate."
Sandy.—"Never mind, old kid, wait till you come to
Berenda and want to skate."

Anne.—"Oh, I see such pretty things." McFadden—'Are you looking at me?"

The cows are in the meadows, The sheep are in the grass; But all the silly little geese, Are in the Freshman class.—Ex.

Mr. Burrell.—"A school is like a beehive, it has its workers and its drones."

Moral—It has its queens, too.

K. Z. was buying a wheel and the demonstrator was explaining the propelling apparatus, but she finally remarked, "Yes, I see that, but what makes the front wheel go round?"

Old Man.—"Well, son, how many fish have you caught?"

Pres. Freshman Class.—"Well, thir, when I've caught one more I'll have one."—Ex.

Anne N. (reading)—"My dearest one." Husted (rising).—"Who, me?"

If the house caught on fire would Effie Ra-burn?

Miss W (to Seniors).—"You people are so busy getting ready not to hear that you are not able to hear."

We always laugh at teachers jokes, No matter what they be, Not because they're funny, But because its policy.—Ex.

Teacher.—You should never use slang. You may thing I'm a sticker on slang but believe me you should never use it.

Stevens.—"I aint been to school because I was sick." Teacher.—"What should he say?"

Cox.—"There haint such a word as aint in the dictionary."

Miss W.—"Where did the first act of Macbeth take place?"

Will R. (brilliantly).—"On the stage."

Mr. Burrell (on a cloudy day).—If you don't stop whispering I'll move you up in front as sure as the sun shines.

And Mr. Burrell was annoyed when the class laughed.

Woods.—"I have lived in the woods for a long time." Comment.—He will no doubt continue to live there.

Billy on the railroad track Didn't hear the engine's peal, Now the engineer goes back Scraping Billy off the wheel.—Fx.

CLASS JOKES

Oloa		Pee Wee Watson
Scrubs	 	Dong Houston
Sophs .	 	Doug Houston
Tuniore		. Judge Darcroit
Seniors	 	Kansas Husted

Ford.—"What did you do with all your Guinea pigs?" Clark.—"I shot 'em."

Ford.—"Didn't it take a lot of shells."

Clark.—"No, I fed 'em to the cat and shot the cat."

Lecturer (talking to students).—I go to San Quentin every once in a while and have been to Folsom several times."

Moral.—Well, I guess there's some chance for the rest of us.

Woods (describing engine).—"There's a hole in the side that you screw off."

Ford.—"Do you serve lobsters here?" Waiter.—"Yes, we serve everybody."

Florence is a Latin student, I suppose she's very fine. But to know that Florence is one, She would have to wear a sign. For her language if 'tis Latin Is the strangest in the land. So strange is Florence's Latin Only she can understand.

Teacher.—"What is a trimeter?" Scrub.—"A lion having three feet."

Cape	of Good	Hope .	 S	ixteen
Cane	Flattery		 1	wenty
Cape	Lookout		 Twen	Thirty
Cape	Fear		 	Forty
—Ex				

Doug. H. (waking up in English).—Say, Miss Agar. what time does the half past five train go through Madora?"

Miss Agar.—"I don't know."

Ethel.—"Oh, Truman, a little bird told me you loved me."

Truman.—"Well, it must have been a lyre bird then."

Lasater.—"Is that an emerald?"
Wood.—"Naw, that's your reflection."

Senior in Physics.—"Do you know how to make a good cigar lighter."

Junior .- "No, how?"

Senior.—"Bite off the end of it."

The young man led for a heart, The maid for a diamond played. The old man came down with a club, And the sexton used a spade.—Ex.

Preacher.—"Do you obey the biblical injunction to love your neighbor."

Son.—"I tried to but she wouldn't let me."—Ex.

M. C.—"Do you put R. S. V. P. on your letter?" L. C.—"No, they know I live in the country."

Teacher.—"Which character do you like best?" Class.—"The old maid."
Teacher.—"That gives me some hope."

Florence B. (reading).—"Give me your hand." Mantonya.—"Any old time."

Q.—Where was the first doughnut fried? A.—In Greece.

Nellie had a Thomas Cat, It warbled like Caruso A neighbor threw a baseball bat, Now Thomas doesn't do so.

R. W.—"They are going to send five hundred hair-dressers to the Panama canal.

G. B.—"What for?"

R. W.—"Why, to curl the locks of the canal, of course."

Peggy.—"I washed my head the other day and that's why it's so soft."

FRESHMAN COMMANDMENTS

- 1. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy classmen.
- 2. Thou shalt not take the name of thy devoted teachers lightly.
- 3. Thou shalt not skip class for by doing so thou hast committed upon thyself the punishment of detention.
 - 4. Thou shalt not envy thy classmates' gray matter.
 - 5. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's new pencil.
 - 6. Thou shalt try thy best to conceal thy greenness.
- 7. Thou shalt not under any circumstances flirt. Neither with thy classmates nor with thy superiors.
- 8. Thou shalt not be rude in the music period, for by so being thou rollest the temper of thy competent director.
- 9. Thou shalt not chew gum or whisper, or run in the halls.
 - 10. Thou shalt love thy upper classmen as thyself.
- 11. Thou shalt not write translations in the Latin book for thou shalt be called unto judgment for so doing.
 - 12. Thou shalt humble thyself before thy teachers.

The old grammar school is the place they loiter, Until they hear the sound of that motor; And because it is noon, They'll have plenty of time to spoon.

Merino.—"Here's a girl that's all the world to me. What would you advise me to do?"

Dad.—"See more of the world, my boy."

Bill Isakson had a baseball glove, And called himself the shortstop; But every time a ball came his way, Right through his hands it would pop.

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO BE PLEASANT, BUT!

It is easy to be pleasant, When the world is free from worry and fret, But the man worth while, is the man who can smile, Though married to a suffragette.

SPASM NUMBER TWO.

It is easy to be pleasant, When things go along without a smash. But the man worth while, is the man who can smile, When he finds a dog tail in his hash.

THE WORST BUT THE LAST.

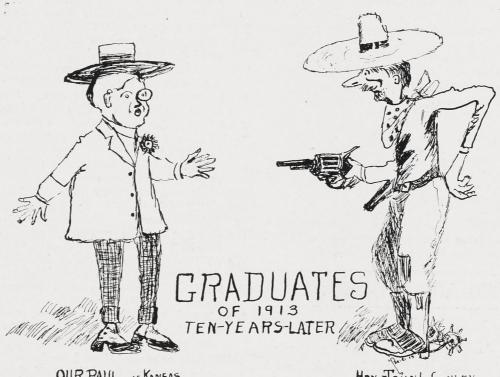
It's easy enough to be pleasant, Just as pleasant as other folks, But the man worth while, is the man who can smile, When he sees the point in these jokes.

Man.—"Hey, there, waiter! What's the matter with this steak, it isn't as large as the one I got yesterday?" Waiter.—"It came off from a smaller cow, sir."

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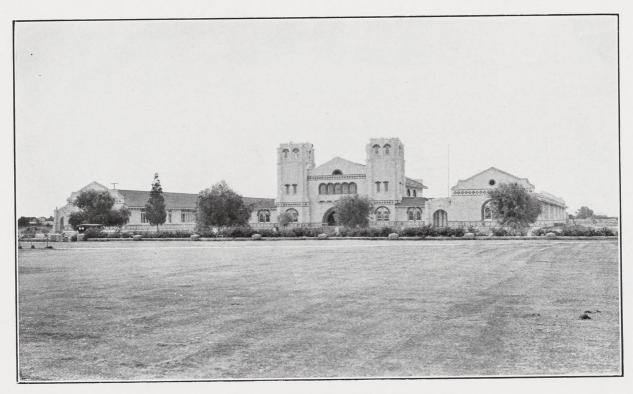
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